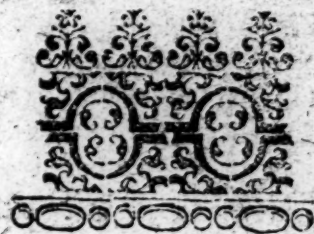


DIVINE
FANCIES.

Digested into
Epigrams, Meditations,
AND
OBSERVATIONS.

By Francis Quarles.



The Ninth Edition, Corrected.

L O N D O N:
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TO THE
READERS.

Readers, I will not (like one that knows the strength of his own Muse) commit Rape upon your Understandings, nor rail at your Ignorances, if our Wits jump not: I have written at my own Peril; understand you at your own pleasures: I have not so little Man in me, as to want my faults; nor so much Fool in me to think it; nor so little Modesty, as to swear it; nor so much Child in me, as to whine at Zoilus: My request is, That the faultless hand may cast the first Stone; So although I cannot avoid the common Lot of Man, Etour, I may escape the punishment of the Common an, Centure.

I here present thee with a Hive of Bees; laden some with Wax, and some with Honey: Fear not to approach; There are no Wasps, there are no Hornets here: If some wanton Bee should chance to buzz about

The Epistle to the Reader.

about thine Ears stand thy Ground, and hold thy Hands: there is none will sting thee, if thou strike not first: If any do she hath Honey in her Bag, and will cure thee too. In plainer terms, I present thee with Book of Fancies: Among which, as I have none to boast of; so (I hope) I shall have none to blush at. All cannot affect all, If some please all, or all some, it is more than I expect. I had once thought to have melted the Title, and cast it into several Books, and have lodg'd Observations, Meditations, and Epigrams, by themselves, but new thoughts have taken place: I have required no help of Herald, either to place or to proclaim them. Cards well shuffled, are most fit for Gamesters; And oftentimes, the pastime of Discovery, adds pleasure to the Enjoyment: The Generous Faulkner had rat'er retrieve his Partridge in the open Fields, than meet her in his covered Dish: Only this; when you read a Meditation, let me intreat thee, to forget an Epigram.

Farewel.



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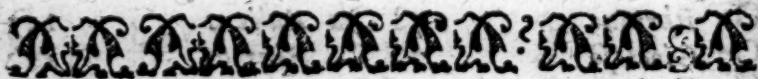
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T O G O D.

Glorious, and Great ; whose power did divide
The Waves, and made them Walls on either side;
That didst appear with Cloven Tongues of Fire,
Divide my Thoughts ; and with my Self inspire
My soul ; O cleave my Tongue, and make it scatter
Various Expressions in a various Matter.
That like the painful Bee, I may derive
From sundry Flow'rs, to store my slender Hive ;
Yet may my Thoughts, not so divided be,
That they may mix again, and fix in Thee,



DIVINE



DIVINE
FANCIES,

Digested into

*Epigrams, Meditations, and
Observations.*

BOOK I.

I. *On the Musick of Organs.*

Observe this Organ, Mark but how it goes :
'Tis not the Hand of him alone that blowes
The unseen *Bellows* ; nor the Hand that Plays
Upon th'apparent note-dividing *Keys*,
That makes these well-composed *Ayres* appear
Before the high *Tribunal* of thine Ear :
They both concur, each Acts his several Part :
Th'one gives it *Breath*, the other lends it *Art*.

Divine Fancies.

Man is this Organ, to whose every Action,
Heav'n gives a *Breath* (a *Breath* without *Coaction*.)
Without which *Blast* we cannot Act at all ;
Without which *Breath* the *Universe* must fall
To the first *Nothing* it was made of ; seeing
In *Him* we *Live*, we *Move*, we have our *Being*.
Thus fill'd with his *Diviner Breath*, and back't
With his first *Power* we touch the *Keyes* and Act.
He blowes the *Bellows* : As we thrive in Skill,
Our *Actions* prove, like *Musick*, *Good* or *Ill*.

II. On the Contingency of Actions.

I Saw him dead, I saw his Body fall
Before *Death's Dart*, whom *Tears* must not recal.
Yet is he not so dead, but that his *Day*
Might have bin lengthen'd, had th'untroden way
To *Life* been found, he might have rose agin,
If *something* had, or *something* had not bin :
What mine sees past, Heav'n's Eye foresaw to come,
He saw how that *Contingent Act* should sum
The total of his *Days*, his knowing Eye
(As mine doth see him dead) saw he should die
That very fatal Hour ; yet saw his *Death*
Not so so Necessary, but his *Breath*
Might been enlarg'd unto a longer Date,
Had he neglected *This*, or taken *That* :
All times to Heav'n are *now*, both first and last ;
He sees *Things present*, as we see them *past*.

III. On the Sacraments.

THE Loaves of Bread were Five, the Fishes two
Whereof the Multitude was made Partaker.

Wh

Who made the *Fishes*? God : But tell me, who
 Gave Being to the *Loaves* of Bread? The *Baker* :
 Ev'n so these *Sacraments*, which some call *Seaven*,
 Five were ordain'd by *Man*, and Two by *Heaven*.

IV. *On the Infancy of our Saviour.*

HAyle Blessed *Virgin*, full of Heavenly *Grace*,
 Blest above all that sprang from Human Race;
 Whose Heav'n saluted *Womb* brought forth in *One*,
 A blessed *Saviour*, and a blessed *Son*.
 O! what a Ravishment 'thad been, to see
 Thy little *Saviour* perking on thy *Knee*!
 To see him nuzzle in thy *Virgin* Brest!
 His milk white Body all unclad, undrest;
 To see thy busie Fingers cloathe and wrap
 His spradling Limbs in thy indulgent *Lap*!
 To see his sparkling *Eyes*, with Childish *Grace*,
 Smiling upon his smiling Mothers Face!
 And, when his forward strength began to bloom,
 To see him *Diddle* up and down the *Room*!
 O, who would Think, so sweet a *Babe* as this
 Should ere be slain by a false-hearted *Kiss*!
 Had I a *Rag*, if sure thy Body wore it
 Pardon sweet *Babe*, I Think I should adore it,
 Till then, O grant this *Boone*, (a *boone* far dearer)
 The *Weed* not being, I may adore the *Wearer*.

V. *On Judas Iscariot.*

WE rail at *Judas*, him that did betray
 The Lord of Life; yet do it *Day* by *Day*.

Divine Fancies.

VI. On the Life and Death of Man.

THe World's a Theatre; the Earth a Stage
Plac'd in the midst; whereon both Prince & Page,
Both Rich and Poor, Fool, Wiseman, Base, and High;
All act their Parts in Life's short Tragedy:
Our Life's a Tragedy: Those secret Rooms,
Wherein we tyre us, are our Mothers Wombs;
The Musick us'ring in the Play, is Mirth
To see a Man-child brought upon the Earth:
That fainting gasp of Breath which first we vent
Is a Dumb-shew, presents the Argument:
Our new-born Cries that new-born Grievs bewray,
Is the sad Prolouge of th' ensuing Play
False Hopes, true Fears, vain Joys, and fierce Distracts
Are like the Musick that divides the Acts:
Time holds the Glass, and when the hour's run,
Death strikes the Epilouge; and the Play is done.

VII. On seven liberal Sciences of a Christian.

Grammar.

IT is an Art, that teaches not t' excell
In Writing, Speaking, as in Doing-well.

Logick.

IT is an Art sometimes of Plotting Treason
Against the Crown and Dignity of Reason.

Rhetorick.

His knowledge of the Time, to hold his Peace.
Arithmetick,

Divine Fancies.

Arithmetick.

IT is an *Art*, that makes him apt to raise
And number out God's *Blessings*, and his *Days*.

Musick.

IT is a potent *Science*, that infringes (Hinge
Strong *Prison Doors*, and heaves them from the

Astronomy,

IT is an *Art*, of taking out the *Lead*
From his dull *Brows*, and lifting up the *Head*.

Geometry.

IT is an *Art*, instructs him how to have
The *World* in scorn; and measure out his *Grave*.

VIII. Christ's four Houses.

His first House was the blessed Virgins *Womb*;
The next, a *Cratch*, the third, a *Cross*, the fourth
(a *Tomb*).

IX. Of Light and Heat.

(Brigh
Mark but the *Sun-beams*, when they shine more
They lend this lower *World* both heat & Light
They both are Children of the self-same Mother,
Twins; not subsisting one without the other;
They both conspire unto the *Common good*;
When, in their proper places understood:

Is't not Rebellion against *Sense* to say,
Light helps to quicken: Or, the *Beams* of day
 May lend a *Heat*, and yet no *Light* at all?
 'Tis true, some obvious *Shade* may chance to fall
 Upon the quickned *Plant*, yet not so great,
 To quench the operation of the *Heat*:
 The *Heat* cannot be parted from the *Light*,
 Nor yet the *Light* from *Heat*; They neither might
 Be mingled in the *Ast*, nor found asunder;
 Distinguish now fond Man; or stay and wonder:
 Know then;
 Their vertues differ, though themselves agree;
Heat vivifies; *Light* gives Man power to see
 The thing so vivified: no *Light*, no *Heat*,
 And where the *heat's* but small, the *light's* not great:
 They are inseparable, and sworn *Lovers*,
 Yet differing thus; *That* quickens, *This* discovers:
 Within these Lines a sacred Myst'ry lurks:
 The *Heat* resembles *Faith*, the *Light*, *Good Works*.

X. *On Judas Iscariot.*

SOME curse that Traytor, *Judas*, Life and Limb,
 God knows, some curse themselves, in cursing him.

XI. *On the Possession of the Swine.*

WHEN as our blessed Saviour did un-devil
 The Man possess, the Spirits, in conclusion,
 Entred the *Swine* (being active still in evil)
 And drove them headlong to their own Confusion.
Drunkards, beware, and be advised then,
 They'll find you as y'are *Swine*, if not, as *Men*.

Divine Fancies.

XII. On a Sun Dyal.

THIS Horizontal *Dyal* can bewray,
To the sad *Pilgrim*, the Hour of the *Day* :
But if the *Sun* appears not his Adviser,
His Eye may look, yet he prove ne'er the wiser.
Alas, alas, there's nothing can appear,
But only *Types*, and shadow'd *Figures* there.
This *Dyal* is the *Scripture*, and the *Sun*,
God's Holy *Spirit*, *Wee* the *Lookers* on.
Alas, that sacred *Letter*, which we read,
Without the *Quickning* of the *Spirit's* Dead.
The knowledge of our *Peace* improves no better,
Than if our Eye had not beheld a *Letter* :
I, but this glorious *Sun* shines always bright :
I, but we often stand in our own light :
Use then the *Day*, for when the *Day* is gone
There will be *Darkness* : there will be no *Sun*.

XIII. On the Three Christian Graces. Faith.

IT is a *Grace*, that teaches to deprave not (n
The *Goods* we have ; To have the *Goods* we ha

Hope.

IT is a *Grace*, that keeps th' Almighty blamele
In long delay : And Men (in begging) shamel

Charity.

IT is a *Grace*, or *Art* to get a *Living*
By selling *Land* ; and to grow rich, by giving

Divine Fancies.

XIV. On a Feast.

THe Lord of Heav'n and Earth has made a *Feast*,
And every *Soul* is an invited *Guest*:
The *Word's* the Food; the *Levites* are the *Cooks*,
The *Fathers Writings* are their *Dyet-Books*,
But seldom us'd; for 'tis a fashion grown,
To recommend made *Dishes* of their own: (*Boil*,
What they should *Boil*, they *Bake*, what *Roast* they
Their luscious *Sallats* are too sweet with *Oyl*:
In brief, 'tis now a days too great a Fault,
I have too much *Pepper*, and too little *Salt*.

XV. On Dives.

THat drop-requesting *Dives* did desire,
His Brothers might have warning of that *Fire*,
Whose flames he felt, could he, a Friend, wish well
To Man: What, is there *Charity* in *Hell*?
Each *Soul* that's damned is a *Brand* of *Fire*,
To make *Hell* so much hotter: And the nigher
In *Blood* or *love* they be, that are tormented,
The more their *Pains* and *Torments* are augmented:
No wonder then, if *Dives* did desire,
His Brothers might have warning of that *Fire*.

XVI. On outward Shew.

Judge not that *Field*, because 'tis *Strubble*,
Nor him that's *Poor* and full of *Trouble*:
Though one look bare; the other thin;
Judge not; their *Treasure* is within.

XVII. *On the reading of the Scriptures.*

IN reading of the Sacred *Writ*; beware,
Thou climb no *Stile*, when as a *Gap* stands fair.

XVIII. *On the Life of Man.*

OUR Life's the *Model* of a *Winters Day*;
Our *Soul's* the *Sun*, whose faint and feeble *Ray*
Gives our *Earth* light, a *light* but weak, at strongest,
But low, at highest, very short, at longest:
The childish *Tears*, that from our *Eyes* do pass,
Is like the dew that pearls the morning *Grass*:
When as our *Sun* is but an hour high,
We go to *School*, to *Learn*, are *Whipt*, and cry:
We truant up and down, we make a spoil
Of precious *Time*, and sport in our own *Toyle*:
Our *Bed's* the quiet *Grave*; wherein we lay
Our weary *Bodies*, tired with the *Day*:
The early *Trumpet* like the *Morning Bell*,
Calls to account; where they that have learn'd well,
Shall find *Reward*; And such as have mispent
Their *Time*, shall reap an earned *punishment*:
No wonder, then, to see the *Sluggards Eyes*,
So loath to goe to *Bed*; so loth to rise.

XIX. *On the Crowing of a Cock.*

THE Crowing of a *Cock* doth oft foreshow
A change of *Weather*: *Peter* found it so:
The *Cock* no sooner crew, but by and by
He found a *Change* of *Weather* in his *Eye*:
T's an easie thing to say, and to swear too,
Wee'l dye for *Christ*; but tis as hard to do:

On

XX. On Mammon.

Mammon's grown rich : Does Mammon boast of
The Stalled Ox, as well may boast, He's fat. (that)

XXI. On Church-contemners.

Those Church-contemners, that can easily waigh
The profit of a Sermon with a Play ;
Whose resty Stomachs can digest as well,
A proser'd Injury, as a Sermon-bell,
That say unwonted Prayr's with the like Wills,
As queazy Patients take their loathed Pills :
To what extremity would they be driven,
If God, in Judgment should but give them Heaven

XXII. On Morus.

HE is no Flemming: For he cannot swill:
No Roman, for his stomach's fleshly still:
He cannot be a Jew, he was Baptiz'd:
Nor yet a Gentile, he was Circumcis'd:
He is no True Man, for he lies a trot:
Prophane he is not, for he swears ye not:
What is he then? One Feast without a Bill
Shall make him all, or which of all ye will

XXIII. On the Hypocrite.

NO Man's condition is so base as his,
None more accurs'd than he: For Man esteems
Him hateful, 'cause he seems not what he is:
God, hates him, 'cause he is not what he seems,
What grief is absent, or what mischief can
Be added to the hate of God and Man?

XXIV. *On a Pilgrim.*

THe weary *Pilgrim* oft doth ask, and know,
How far he's come, how far he has to go :
His way is Tedious, and his Heart's oppress'd,
And his desire is to be at Rest :
Our Life's a *Wayfare*, yet fond Man delays
T' enquire out the number of his *Days* ;
He cares not, He, how slow his hours spend,
His Journey's better then his Journeys End.

XXV. *On the Needle of a Sun-Dial.*

BEhold this Needle, when the *Arctick* Stone
Hath toucht it, how it trembles up and down,
Hunts for the *Pole*, and cannot be possess'd
Of peace, untill it find that point, that rest :
Such is the *Heart* of *Man*, which when it hath
Attain'd the vertue of a lively Faith,
It finds no rest on Earth, makes no abode
In any Object, but his *Heav'n*, his God.

XXVI. *On Affliction.*

WHen thou afflict'st me, Lord, if I repine;
I shew my self to be mine own, not thine.

XXVII. *On a Sun Dial.*

GO light a *Candle*: By that Light make trial,
How the night spends it self by the Sun Dial ?
Go, search the Scripture, Labour to increase
In the Diviner knowledge of thy Peace;

By thy own light derived from thy Mother,
Thou maist as easily do the one as t'other.

XXVIII. On Peter.

WHen walking *Peter* was about to sink
Into the Sea, in what a case d'ye think,
H'ad been, if he had trusted his Complaint
To the intercession of some helpful Saint:
Believe it, if *Rom's* doctrine had been sound,
And soundly follow'd, *Peter* had been drown'd.

XXIX. On Merits.

FIe, *Rome's* abus'd: Can any be thought able,
To Merit Heaven by *Works*. 'Tis a meer fable
If so, stout *Rome* had never been so faint,
To move her suit by a Collateral Saint.

XXX. On Servio.

Servio serves God. *Servio* has bare relation
(Not to God's *Glory*) but his own *Salvation*:
Servio serves God for Life: *Servio*, tis well:
Servio may find the cooler place in Hell.

XXXI. A Soliloquy.

WHere shall I find my God! O where, O where
Shall I direct my steps, to find him there?
Shall I make search in swelling Bags of Coin?
Ah no; For God and *Mammon* cannot joyn:
Do Beds of Down contain this heavenly Stranger
No no, He's rather cradled in some Manger:

Dwell

Divine Fancies.

Dwells he in Wisdom? is he gone that road?
No, no, Mans Wisdom's foolishness with God:
Or hath some new *Plantation*, yet unknown,
Made him their *King*, adorn'd him with their *Crown*?
No, no, the Kingdoms of the Earth think scorn
T'adorn his Brows with any *Crown* but *Thorn*:
Were shall I trace, or were shall I go wind him?
My Lord is gone, and O! I cannot find him:
I'll ransack the dark *Dungeons*: I'll enquire
Into the *Furnace*, after the sev'nth *Fire*
I'll seek in *Daniel's Den*, and in *Paul's Prison*,
I'll search his *Grave*, and see if he be risen:
I'll go to th' house of *Mourning*; and I'll call
At every Alms-abused *Hospital*:
I'll go and ask the *Widow*, that's oppress'd;
The heavy laden that enquires rest:
I'll search the *Corners* of all broken *Hearts*,
The wounded *Conscience* and the *Soul* that smart
The contrite *Spirit* fill'd with filial *Fear*;
I, there he is, and no were else, but there:
Spare not to scourge thy pleasure O my God,
So I may find thy *Presence*, with thy *Rod*.

XXXII. On Daniel in the Den.

Fierce *Lyons* roaring for their Prey; and then
Daniel thrown in, and *Daniel* yet remain
Alive: There was a *Lyon* in the *Den*,
Was *Daniel's* Friend, or *Daniel* had been slain.
Among ten thousand *Lyons*, I'de not fear,
Had I but only *Daniel's* *Lyon* there.

XXXIII. On those that deserve it.

O When our Clergy, at the dreadful Day,
Shall make their *Audit* when the *Judge* shall say
Give

Give your Accompts: What have my *Lambs* bin fed?
 Say, do they all stand found? Is there none dead
 By your defaults? Come *Shepherds* bring them forth
 That I may crown your Labours in their Worth.
 O what an answer will be given by some!
 We have been Silenc'd, *Canons* struck us Dumb;
 The Great ones would not let us feed thy Flock,
 Unless we paid the *Fools*, and wore a *Frock*:
 We were forbid, unless we'd yield to sign,
 And cross their Brows, they say, a *Mark of thine*.
 To say the Truth, great *Judge*, they were not fed,
 Lord, here they be; but, Lord, they be all dead.
 Ah cruel *Shepherds*! Could your Conscience serve
 Not to be *Fools*, and yet to let them Starve?
 What if your fiery *Spirits* had been bound
 To Antick Habits; or your Heads been Crown'd
 With *Peacocks* Plumes; had ye been forc'd to feed
 Your Saviour's dear-bought Flock in a *Fools* Weed.
 He that was scorn'd, revil'd, endur'd the Curse
 Of a base Death, in your behalfs; nay worse:
 Swallow'd the Cup of Wrath, charg'd up to th' brim,
 Durst you not stoop to play the *Fools* for him?

XXXIV. *Do this and Live.*

D*o this and Live?* 'Tis true, Great God, then who
 Can hope for Life & for who hath power to *Do*?
 Art thou not able? Is thy Task too great?
 Canst thou desire Help? Canst thou intreat
 Aid from a strange Arm? Canst thou conceive
 Thy *Helper* strong enough? Canst thou believe,
 The Sufferings of thy dying Lord can give
 Thy drooping Shoulders rest? *Do this and live.*

Divine Fancies.

XXXV. *On Joseph and his Mistress.*

WHEN as th' Egyptian Lady did invite
Well-favor'd Joseph to unchast Delight ;
How well the Motion and the Place agreed !
A beastly Place, and was a beastly Deed.
A place well season'd for so foul a Sin ;
Too sweet to serve so foul a Master in.

XXXVI. *On Scriptum est.*

SOME Words excel in Vertue, and discover
A rare Conclusion, thrice repeated over.
Our Saviour thrice was tempted, thrice represt
Th' assaulting Tempter with thrice Scriptum Est.
If thou would'st keep thy Soul secure from harm
Thou know'st the Words: It is a potent Charm.

XXXVII. *On the Flourishing of the Gospel.*

HOW do our Pastures flourish, and refresh,
Our uberous Kine, so fair, so full of Flesh.
How do our thriving Cattle feed our Young
With plenteous Milk; and with their Flesh the strong
Heav'n bless'd our Charles, & he did our late Fame
From Pharaoh's Troubles, and from Pharaoh's Dream

XXXVIII. *On Joseph's Speech to his Brethren.*

GO, fetch your Brother (said the Egyptian Lord)
If you intend our Garniers shall afford
Your craving Wants their so desir'd Supplies ;
If He come not, by Pharaoh's life y'are Spies :

Ev'n as your Suits expect to find our Grace,
 Bring *Him*; or dare not to behold my Face.
 Some little Food, to serve you on the way,
 We here allow, but not to feed delay;
 When you present your *Brother* to our Hand,
 We shall have plenty, and possess the Land;
 Away, and let your quick Obedience give
 The earnest of your Faiths; Do this and live:
 If not; your wilful Wants must want supply,
 For ye are Spies, and ye shall surely dye.
 Great God, th' *Egyptian* Lord resembles Thee;
 The Brother's *Jesus*; and the Suitors *Wee*.

XXXIX. *Of common Devotion.*

O Ur God and Souldiers we alike adore,
 Ev'n at the brink of Danger, not before:
 After deliverance, both alike requited;
 Our God's forgotten, and our Souldier's slighted

XL. *On the Day of Judgment.*

O When shall that *time* come, when the loud Trump
 Shall wake my sleeping Ashes from the Dump
 Of their sad Turn! That blessed Day wherein
 My glorifi'd, my metamorphiz'd Skin
 Shall circumplex and terminate that fresh
 And new refined Substance of this Flesh!
 When my transparent Flesh, discharg'd from Groans
 And Pains, shall hang upon new polish'd Bones!
 When as my Body shall re-entertain
 Her cleansed Soul, and never part again!
 When as my Soul shall, by a new Indenture,
 Possess her new-built House, come down and enter!

When

When as my Body and my Soul shall plight
 Inviolable Faith, and never Fight,
 Nor wrangle more, nor alcercate agin
 About that strife-begetting Question, Sin!
 When Soul and Body shall receive their Doom,
 Of, O ye *Blessed of my Father, Come!*
 When *Death* shall be exil'd, and damn'd to dwell,
 Within her proper and true Center, *Hell!*
 Where that old *Tempter* shall be bound in Chains,
 And over-whelm'd with everlasting Pains;
 Whilst I shall sit, and, in full Glory, Sing
 Perpetual *Anthems* to my Judge, my King.

XLI. On Death.

WHY should we not, as well, desire *Death*,
 As Sleep? No difference, but a little Breath:
 'Tis all but Rest; 'tis all but a Releasing
 Our tired Limbs; Why then not alike pleasing?
 Being burthen'd with the Sorrows of the Day,
 We wish for Night; which, being come, we lay
 Our Bodies down; yet when our very Breath
 Is irksom to us, w're affraid of *Death*.
 Our Sleep is oft accompanied with Frights,
 Distracting Dreams and dangers of the Nights;
 When in the Sheets of *Death*, our Bodies sure
 From all such Evils, and we Sleep secure.
 What matter, *Down*, or *Earth*? what boots it whether
 Alas, Our Bodie's sensible of neither.
 Things that are senseless feel nor pains nor ease;
 Tell me; and why not *Worms* as well as *Fleas*?
 In Sleep, we know not whether our clos'd Eyes
 Shall ever wake; from *Death* w're sure to rise:
 I, but 'tis long first: O, is that our Fears?
 Dare we trust God for *Nights*? and not for *Years*?

On

XLII. On the Body of Man.

MAN's Body's like a House : his greater Bones
 Are the main Timber ; and the lesser Ones
 Are smaller *Splints* : His Ribs are *Laths*, daubed o'er
 Plaister'd with *Flesh* and *Blood*, his Mouth's the *Door* :
 His Throat's the narrow *Entry* : And his Heart,
 Is the *Great Chamber*, full of curious Art :
 His *Midreif* is a large partition *Wall*
 'Twixt the *Great Chamber*, and the spacious *Hall* :
 His *Stomach* is the *Kitchen*, where the Meat
 Is often but false sod, for want of Heat :
 His *Spleen*'s a *Vessel*, Nature does alor,
 To take the *Skim* that rises from the Por.
 His Lungs are like the *Bellows* that respire
 In ev'ry Office, quickning ev'ry Fire :
 His Nose, the *Chimney* is, whereby are vented
 Such Fumes, as with the *Bellows* are augmented :
 His Bowels are the *Sink*, whose parts to drain
 All noisom Filth, and keep the *Kitchen* clean :
 His Eyes like *Chrystal Windows* clear and bright,
 Let in the *Object*, and let out the Sight.
 And as the *Timber* is, or great or small,
 Or strong or weak ; 'tis apt to stand, or fall ;
 Yet is the likeliest *Building* sometimes known
 To fall by obvious Chances, overthrown
 Oft-times by Tempests, by the full mouth'd *Blasphemy*
 Of Heav'n ; Sometimes by Fire, sometimes it waxes
 Through unadvis'd *Neglect* : Put case the *Stuff*
 Were ruin-proof ; by Nature strong enough,
 To conquer *Time* and *Age*, Put case it should
 Ne'er know an end, Alas, Our *Leases* would :
 What hast thou then, proud *Flesh* and *Blood* to boast
 Thy Days are ev'l, at best ; but few, at most ;

But sad, at merriest; and but weak, at strongest;
 Unsure at surest; and but short at longest.

XLIII. *On the Young Man in the Gospel.*

HOW well our Saviour and the landed Youth
 Agreed a little while? And, to say truth,
 Had he had Will and Power in his Hand
 To keep the Law, but as he kept his Land;
 No doubt, his Soul had found the sweet Fruition
 Of his own choice desires without Petition:
 But he must Sell and Follow; or else, not
 Obtain his Heav'n: O now his Heav'n's too hot:
 He cannot stay; he has no business there;
 He'll rather miss, then buy his Heav'n too dear.
*When Broth's too hot for hasty Hounds, how they
 Will lick their scalded Lips, and sneak away!*

XLIV. *On Man's Goodness and God's Love.*

GOD loves not Man, because that Man is Good;
 For Man is sinful, because Flesh and Blood.
 We argue false: It rather may behove us,
 To think us good, 'cause God thinks good to love us.
 He that shall argue up from Man to God,
 Takes but the pains to gather his own Rod:
 Who from such Premisses, shall draw's Conclusion,
 Makes but a Syllogism of his own Confusion.

XLV. *On Man's Plea.*

MAn's Plea to Man, is, That he never more
 Will beg, and that never beg'd before:
 Man's Plea to God, is, That he did obtain
 A former suit, and therefore sues again. How

How good a God we serve; that when we sue,
Makes his old Gifts, th' examples of his New !

XLVI. On Furio.

Furio will not Forgive; Furio beware:
Furio will curse himself in the Lord's Prayer.

XLVII. On Martha and Mary.

Martha, with Joy, receiv'd her blessed Lord;
Her Lord she welcoms, Feasts, and Entertains;
Mary sate Silent; hears, but speaks no word;
Martha takes all, and Mary takes no Pains:
Mary's to hear; to Feast him Martha's care is;
Now which is greater, Martha's Love, or Mary's?
Martha is full of Trouble, to prepare;

Martha respects his good beyond her own:
Mary sits still at ease, and takes no Care;
Mary desires to please her self, alone:
The Pleasure's Mary's; Martha's all the care is;
Now which is greater, Martha's Love or Mary's?

'Tis true; Our Blessed Lord was Martha's Guest;
Mary was his, and in his Feast delighted:
Now which hath greater reason to love best,
The bountiful Invitor, or th'invited?
Sure, both lov'd well; But Mary was the debtor
And therefore should, in reason, love the better.

Mary's was Spiritual; Martha's Love was Carnal;
One kist his Hand; The other but the Glove:
As far as Mortal is beneath Eternal,
So far is Martha's less then Mary's Love:

How

How blest is he, Great God, whose Heart remembers
Mary's to Thee; and Martha's to thy Members!

XLVIII. *On our Blessed Saviour.*

WE often read our Blessed *Saviour Wept;*
 But never Laught, and seldom that he *Slept:*
 Ah, sure his heavy Eyes, did wake, and weep
 For us that Sin, so oft, in *Mirth, and Sleep.*

XLIX. *On Sins.*

S*ins*, in respect of Man, all mortal be;
 All venial, *Jesu*, in respect of Thee.

L: *On Man's behaviour to God.*

WE use our God, as Us'ers doe their Bands;
 We often bear him in our *Hearts* our *Hands*,
 His *Paths* are Beaten, and his *Ways* are trod,
 So long as he's a profitable God:
 But when the Money's Paid, the Profit taken,
 Our *Bands* are Cancel'd, and our *God's* forsaken.

LI. *On Man's Cruelty.*

ANd dar'st thou venture still to live in Sin,
 And crucifie thy Dying Lord agin?
 Were not his *Pangs* Sufficient? must he Bleed
 Yet more? O, must our sinful pleasures Feed
 Upon his Torments; and augment the Story
 Of the sad Passion of the Lord of *Glory!*
 Is there no Pity? Is there no remorse
 In human Breasts? Is there a firm Divorce

Betwixt all Mercy, and the Hearts of Men?
 Parted for ever? -ne'r to meet agen?
 No *Mercy* bides with us: 'Tis thou, alone,
 Hast it, sweet Jesu, for us, that have none
 For Thee: Thou hast fore-stal'd our *Markets* so,
 That all's *Above*, and we have none *Below*:
 Nay, Blessed Lord, we have not where withall
 To serve our shiftless selves, unless we call
 To Thee, that art our *Saviour*, and hast Power
 To give, and whom we Crucifie, each hour:
 W'are cruel (Lord) to thee, and our selves too;
 JESU Forgive's; we know not what we Do.

LII. Man's Progress.

THe Earth is that forbidden Tree that Grows
 Ith' midst of *Paradise*; Her *Fruit* that shows
 So sweet, so fair, so pleasing to the Eyes,
 Is worldly pleasure in a fair Disguise:
 The *Flesh* suggests: The *Fruit* is fair and good,
 Apt to make *Wise*, and a delicious Food;
 It hath a secret *Vertue*, wherewithal
 To make you *Gods*, and not to Dye at all.
 Man tastes, and tempts the frailty of his Brother;
 His Brother eats; One bit calls on another:
 His guilty *Conscience* opes his Eyes; He sees,
 He sees his empty *Nakedness*, and flees;
 He stitches slender *Fig-leaves*, and does Frame
 Poor Arguments t' excuse his Sin, his Shame:
 But in the cooler *Evening* of his Days,
 The voice calls *Adam*: *Adam's* in a Maze:
 His *Conscience* bids him Run: The voice pursues;
 Poor *Adam* Trembles, 'ere he knows the News:

Adam

Adam must quit the Garden, lest he strive
To tast the saving Tree of Life, and live;
Poor Man must go; But whither is he bound?
Ev'n to the place from whence he came, the Ground.

LIII. On the Two great Floods.

TWO Floods I read of; Water, and of Wine;
The first was Noah's; Lot, the last was thine:
The first was the Effect; The last the Cause
Of that foul Sin, against the sacred Laws
Of God and Nature, Incest: Noah found,
An Ark to save him, but poor Lot was Drown'd;
Good Noah found an Ark; but Lot found none:
Ware safer in God's Hands than in our own:
The former Flood of Waters did extend
But some few Days; this latter ha's no End;
They both Destroy'd, I know not which the worst;
The last is ev'n as Gen'ral, as the first;
The first being ceas'd; the World began to fill;
The last depopulates, and waists it still:
Both Floods orewhelm'd both Man & Beast together,
The last is worst, if there be best of either:
The first are ceas'd: Heav'n vow'd it by a Sign;
When shall we see a Rainbow after Wine?

LIV. On Fuca.

FUCA, thou quor'st the Scriptures on thy side,
And mak'st Rebecca patronize thy Pride;
Thou say'st that she wore Ear-Rings: Did she so?
Know this withal, She bore the Pitcher too:
Thou may'st, like her, wear Ear-Rings, if thy pride
Can stoop to what Rebecca did beside.

On

LV. *On Abraham's Servant.*

THis faithful Servant will not feed, until
 He do his trust reposing Master's Will:
 There's many now, that will not Eat before
 They speed their *Masters* work: *They'l drink the more*

LVI. *On Alexander.*

NO marvel, thou great *Monarch*, did'st Complain
 And weep, there were no other worlds to gain;
 Thy Grieffs and thy Complains were not amiss;
 H'as Grief enough, that finds no world but this.

LVII. *On rash Judgment.*

Judge not too fast: This Tree that doth appear
 So Barren, may be Fruitful the next Year:
 Hast thou not Patience to expect the Hour,
 I fear thy own are *Crabs* they be so sower:
 Thy Judgment oft may tread beside the Text;
 A *Saul* to Day, and prove a *Paul* the next.

LVIII. *On Jacob's Purchase.*

How poor was *Jacob's* Motion, and how strange
 His Offer! How unequal was th'exchange!
 A mess of *Pottage* for Inheritance?
 Why could not hungry *Esau* strive t'enhaunce
 His price a little? so much underfoot?
 Well might he give him Bread and Drink to boot;
 An easie price! the Case is even our own;
 For Toys we often sell our *Heaven*, our *Crown*.

What

LIX. On Esau.

WHat hast thou done? Nay what shall *Esau* do
 Lost both his *Birthright*, and his *Blessing* too!
 What hath poor *Esau* left but empty Tears,
 And Plaints, that cannot reach the old Man's Ears?
 What with thy Father's *Diet*, and thine own,
 Thy *Birthright's* alien'd, and thy *Blessing's* gone :
 How does one mischief overtake another :
 In both, how overtaken by a Brother?
 Could thy imperious Stomach but have stay'd,
 And if thy Father's had not been delay'd,
 Thou had'st not need have wept and pleaded so,
 But kept thy *Birthright*, and thy *Blessing* too :
 Had thy unprosperous, thy unlucky Hand
 Dispatch'd thy *Ven'zon*, as it did thy Land,
 Thy sorrows had not made so great a Heap,
 That had not been so Dear, nor this so cheap :
 Had thine given place but to thy Fathers Will,
 Thad'st had thy *Birthright* ; and thy *Blessing* still!

LX. On the Absence of a Blessing.

THe Blessing gone, what do's there now remain
Esau's offended; *Jacob* must be slain :
 The Heart of Man once emptied of a Grace,
 How soon the Devil jostles in the place!

LXI. On the Younger Brother.

I Know, the *Elder* and the *Younger* too,
 Are both alike to God : Nor one, nor other,
 Can plead their years, But yet we often do
 Observe, the Blessing's on the younger Brother :
 The Scripture notes it, But does spare to show
 A reason, therefore I despair to know.

LXII. On Cain.

BEfore that *Monster* spilt his Brother's Blood,
 W'are sure the *fourth* part of the world was Good:
 O, what a dearth of goodness did there grow,
 When the *Fourth* part was murd'ed at a blow!

LXIII. On the righteous Man.

PRomise is *Debt*; and *Debt* implies a *Payment*:
 How can the righteous then doubt *Food*, and
 (*Raiment*)

LXVI. On Faith, Love, and Charity.

BY Nature *Faith* is fiery, and it tends
 Still upward: *Love*, by Native course, descends:
 But *Charity*, whose Nature doth confound,
 And mix the former two, moves ever round:
 I ord, let thy *Love* descend, and then the Fire
 O, sprightly *Faith* shall kindle, and aspire:
 O, then, my circling *Charity* shall move
 In proper motion, mixt of *Faith* and *Love*.

LXV. On Jacobs Pillow.

THe Bed was *Earth*: The raised Pillow, *Stones*,
 Whereon poor *Jacob* rests his Head, his Bones;
 Heav'n was his *Canopy*; The *Shades* of Night
 Were his drawn *Curtains*, to exclude the Night.
 Poor State for *Isaacs* Heir! It seems to me,
 His Cattel found as soft a Bed, as He:
 Yet God appeared there, his Joy, his Crown;
 God is not always seen in Beds of Down:
 O, if that God shall please to make my Bed,
 I Care not where I rest my Bones, my Head;

With

With Thee, my wants can never prove extream;
With *Jacob's Pillow* give me *Jacob's Dream*.

LXVI. On Faith.

FAith do's acknowledge Gifts, altho we have not;
It keeps unseen those Sins, Confession hid nor;
It makes us to enjoy the Goods we have not;
It counts as done, those pious deeds, we did nor;
It workes; cendows; it freely' accepts; it hides:
What Grace is absent where true *Faith* abides?

LXVII. On Zacheus.

MEthinks, I see with what abuse hast
Zacheus climb'd the Tree: But, O, how fast,
How full of speed, canst thou imagine (when
Our *Saviour* call'd) he hasten'd down agen!
He ne'r made trial if the boughes were sound,
Or rotten; nor how far 'twas to the ground:
There was no danger fear'd: At such a Call,
Hee'l venture nothing, that dare fear a fall:
Needs must he down, by such a *Spirit* driven;
Nor could he fall, unless he fell to *Heaven*:
Down came *Zacheus*, ravisht from the Tree;
Bird that was Shot, ne'r dropt so quick as he.

LXVIII. On the Thief and Slanderer.

THe *Thief*, and *Sland'rer* are almost the same;
One steals my *Goods*; the tother my good *Name*:
The one lives in Scorn, the other dies in Shame.

LXIX. On Abram's pleading for Sodom

How loth was righteous *Abraham* to cease
To beat the price of lustful *Sodom's* Peace!

Mark how his holy boldness intercepts
 God's *Justice*; Brings his *Mercy* down by Steps:
 He dare not bid so few as *Ten*, at first;
 Nor yet from *Fifty* righteous Persons durst
 His Zeal on sudden, make too great a fall,
 Although he wisht salvation to them all.
 Great God: thy dying Son has pow'r to clear
 A world of sins, that one shall not appear
 Before thine angry Eyes: what wonder then,
 To see the fall, from *Fifty* down to *Ten*!

LXX. On Man's Goodness.

THY Hand great God created all things good;
 But Man rebell'd, and in defiance stood
 Against his own *Creation* and did Stain,
 Nay lost, that goodness which the Beasts retain;
 What hap has Man, poor Man, above the rest,
 That hath less *Goodness* left him than a *Beast*.

LXXI. On Zacheus.

SHORT-leg'd *Zacheus*, 'Twas the happiest Tree,
 That ever mortal climb'd; I mean, to Thee:
 Thy paines in going up, receiv'd the Crown
 Of all thy labour, at thy coming downe:
 Thy Stature's lowness gave thee fair occasion
 To mount that Tree, that Tree, to find *Salvation*,
 But was't the Tree, *Zacheus*; No, t'was He,
 Whose bleeding Body dy'd upon the Tree.

LXXII. On the Roman, Turk, and Atheist.

THE Roman worships God upon the Wall;
 The Turk a false God; Th' *Atheist* none at all.

When they are gone, what then must Sinners do?
 Give up their *Lands*, their *Souls*, and *Bodies* too:
 O, then our Hearts shall be refresh'd and Fed,
 We shall have *seed* to sow, and present *Bread*:
 Allowing but the Fifth of our increase,
 We shall have plenty, and our souls have peace:
 How art thou pleas'd, good God, that *Man* should live!
 How slow art thou to take, how free to give

LXXVI. *On Zacheus.*

WE'll climb'd *Zacheus*; 'Twas a step well given;
 From hence toth' *Tree*; and from the *Tree* to
 (*Heav'n*!)

LXXVII. *On the Plough-man.*

I Hear the whistling *Plough man*, all day long
 Sweetning his labour with a cheerful Song:
 His Bed's a Pad of Straw; His diet course;
 In both, he fares not better than his Horse:
 He seldom slakes his thirst, but from the Pump,
 And yet his Heart his Blithe; his Visage Plump;
 His *Thoughts* are ne'r acquainted with such *Things*,
 As *Griefs* or *Fears*; He only sweats, and sings:
 When as the Landed Lord, that cannot Dine
 Without a Qualm if not refresh'd with *Wine*;
 That cannot judge that controverted Case,
 'Twixt *Meat* and *Mouth*, without the *Bribe* of *sauce*;
 That claims the service of the purest Linnen
 To pamper and to shroud his dainty skin in,
 Groans out his days in lab'ring to appease
 The rage of either *Business*, or *Disease*:
 Alas, his silken *Robes*, his costly *Diet*,
 Can lend a little Pleasure, but no *Quiet*:

The untold sums of his descended Wealth;
Can give his Body plenty but no *Health* ;
The one, in Pains, and Want, possesses all ;
T'other, in Plenty, finds no peace at all ;
'Tis strange ! And yet the cause is easily known ;
One's at *Gods* finding ; t'other, at his own.

LXXVIII. *On a Happy Kingdom.*

THat Kingdom, and none other happy is,
Where *Moses*, and his *Aaron* meet, and *Kiss*.

LXXIX. *On Gods Appearance to Moses.*

God first appear'd to *Moses* in the *Mire*,
The next time he appear'd, h' appear'd in *Fire*;
The third time he was known to *Moses* Eye
Upon mount *Sinai*, cloath'd in *Majesty*.
Thrice God appears to Man : first wallowing in
His foul pollution, and base *Mire* of Sin ;
And like to *Pharoahs* Daughter do's bemoan
Our helpless State, and draws us for his own :
The next time, he appears in *Fire* whose Bright
And gentle Flames consume not, but give light ;
It is the *Fire* of *Grace* ; where Man is bound,
To d' off his *Shoes*, because tis *holy* Ground :
The last appearance shall be in that *Mount*,
Where every Soul shall render an Account
Of *Good* or *Evil* ; where all things *Transitory*
Shall cease ; & *Grace* be crown'd with perfect *Glory*.

LXXIX. On God's Law.

The Sacred Law, O God,
 Is like to MOSES's Rod:
 If we but keep it in our Hand,
 It will do Wonders in the Land;
 If we slight and throw it to the Ground;
 'Twill turn a Serpent, and inflict a Wound;
 A Wound that Flesh and Blood cannot endure,
 Nor salve, until the Brazen Serpent cure:
 I wish not, Lord, thou shouldst withhold it,
 Nor would I have it, and not hold it:
 O teach me then, my God
 To handle Moses's Rod.

LXXX. On Pharoh's Brick.

O Ur God's not like to *Pharoh*; to require
 His tale of *Brick*, and give no *Straw* for *Fire*:
 His Workmen wanted *Straw*, and yet were last, *For*
 For not performance; We have *Straw* unthrash'd,
 Yet we are idle, and we winch, and kick
 Against our Burthens, and return no *Brick*.
 We spend our *Straw*, for Litter in the Stable,
 And then we cry; Alas! *We are not able*;
 Think not on *Israel's* Sufferings, in that day,
 When thy offended Justice shall repay
 Our Labour; Lord, when thou upheav'd thy Rod,
 Think, *Pharoh* was a Tyrant; Thou, a God.

LXXXI. On the insatiableness of Man's Heart.

His Globe of Earth has not the pow'r to fill
 The Heart of Man, but it desires still:
 By him that seeks, the Cause is easily found;
 The Heart's *Triangular*; The Earth is *Round*;
 He may be full; but, never to the brim
 Be fill'd with Earth, till Earth be fill'd with him.

XCIII. On Pharoh's Hard heartedness.

PLagues after *Plagues*? And yet not *Pharoh* yeild
 To enlarge poor *Israel*? Was thy *Heart* so steel'd
 Rebellious Tyrant, that it dare withstand
 The oft repeated *Judgments* of Heav'n's Hand?
 Could neither *Mercies Oyl*, nor *Judgments Thunder*
 Dissolve, nor break thy flinty Heart in sunder?
 No, no, what Sun-Beams soften not, they harden;
 Purpos'd *Rebellions* are asleep to Pardon.

XCIV. On the change of Pharoh's Fortunes.

Observe what *Peace* great *Pharoh's* kingdom found
 While *Joseph* liv'd; what *prosperous blessings* crown'd
 His happy Days! Heav'n's Plague-inflicting Hand
 Was then a Stranger to his peaceful Land:
 Peace was enrayl'd upon his Royal Throne;
 His Land had Plenty, when the World had none;
 His full Desires over-flow'd their Brim,
 Favours came down unask't, unsought by him:
 His Scepter flourish'd, from a God unknown,
 No need to trouble any of his own:
 While *Joseph* liv'd, his Blessings had no end;
 That God was his, whilst he was *Joseph's* Friend:
 These *temp'ral Blessings* Heav'n doth often share
 Unto the wicked, at the Good Man's Prayer:
 But *Joseph* dies: And *Joseph's* Sons must fall
 Beneath their Burthens, and be scourg'd withal;
 Whilst Tyrant *Pharoh's* more severer Hand,
 Keeps them laborious *Pris'ners* in his Land:
 God oft permits his Children to be hurld
 Into distress, to wean them from the World:
 But *Pharoh's* Blessings alter with his Brow;
 The budding Scepter's turn'd a Serpent now:

His

His Land must groan; her *Plagues* must still encrease;
 Till *Jacob's* Off-spring shall find *Jacob's* Peace;
God's Children are the Apples of his Eye,
Wooſe touch is Death, if being toucht, they cry:
 Now Tyrant *Pharoh* dares no longer chuse,
Israel must go: *Pharoh* repents, pursues;
Pharoh wants *Bricks*; *Phareh*, ere long, I fear,
 Will find the purchase of his *Brick* too dear:
Moses holds forth his *Rod*: The *Seas* divide;
 The *Waves* are turn'd to *Walls* on either side:
 They pass secure; *Pharoh* pursues them still:
God leaves his *Children* to the brunt of Ill:
 The *Chariot-Wheels* fly off, the *Harness* cracks;
 One wants a *Nail*; the next, a *Hammer* lacks:
How Man is cross'd and puzzel'd in that Plot,
Where Heav'n denies success, and prospers not!
Moses holds forth his *Rod*: The *Eastern Wind*
 Calls back the *Tides*: The parted *Waters* join'd,
 And over-whelm'd great *Pharoh* and his *Host*;
 None escap'd to tell the *News*: All drown'd, and lost;
 Thus thrives *Rebellion*: *Plagues*, not doing good,
 Oft-times conclude their *Ceremony* in *Blood*:
 Thus hardned *Hearts* grow more and more obdure;
 And *Heav'n* cuts off, when *Earth* is most secure.

LXXXIV. On the First-born.

THE *First-Born* of th' *Egyptians* all were slain,
 From him that holds the *Scepter* to the *Swain*:
 But all that are *First-born* in *Israel*, be
 Accepted, Lord, and sanctified to Thee:
 Thy looks are always turn'd upon the *Prime*
 Of all our *Actions*, *Words*, our *Thoughts*, our *Time*;
 Thy pleas'd Eye is fixt upon the *First*;
 And from the *Womb* w'are thine, or else Accurst.

LXXXV. On Baptized Infants.

I Dare not judge those Judgments, ill advis'd,
That hold such *Infants* sav'd, as die, Baptiz'd :
What hinders Life ? *Original* hath been
New washt away ; There's yet no *Actual* Sin :
Death is th'Effect of Sin ; the Cause being gone,
What ground is left for Death to work upon ?
I know not ; But of *Israel's* Sons 'tis found,
Moses was sav'd ; I read that none was drown'd.

LXXXVI. On the grumbling *Israelites*.

NO sooner out, but grumble ? Is the *Brick*
So soon forgotten ? 'Tis a common trick :
Serve God in Plenty ? *Egypt* can do thus ;
No thanks to serve our God, when God serves us :
Some sullen Curs, when they perceive a Bone,
Will wag their Tails and fawn ; But snarle, if none.

LXXXVII. On Man's Rebellion.

O, How perverse is *Flesh* and *Blood* ! in whom
Rebellion blossoms from the very Womb !
What Heaven commands, how lame we are to do !
And things forbid how soon perswaded to !
We never read rebellious *Israel* did,
Bow to strange Gods, till *Israel* was forbid.

LXXXVIII. On *Israel*.

HAd *Israel* in her want, been truly humbled,
Isr'el had pray'd, and groan'd to Heav'n not grum-
(bick:
But *Isr'el* wanted Food. *Isr'el's* Complaint
Could not be servent, *Isr'el* being Faint :
Isr'el gets Food : Now *Isr'el* is so full,
That her Devotion, and her Zeal is dull:

Lord

Lord when art thou in season? When's the time,
 To do thee service? when's our Zeal in Prime?
 'Tis always either not full ripe, or wasting:
 We cannot serve our God not Full nor fasting.

LXXXIX. *On the Sinners Refuge.*

HE that shall shed, with a presumptuous Hand,
 The blood of Man; must by thy just Command
 Be put to Death: The Murderer must die;
 Thy Law denies him refuge where to flie:
 Great God our Hands have slain a Man; nay further,
 They have committed a presumptuous murder
 Upon a guiltless Man; Nay, what is worse,
 They have betray'd our Brother to the Curse
 Of a reproachful Death; Nay, what exceeds,
 It is our Lord, our dying Saviour Bleeds:
 Nay more; It is thy Son; thy only Son;
 All this have we, all this our Hands have done:
 On what dear Objects shall we turn our Eye?
 Look to the Law? O, by the Law we dye:
 Is there no Refuge, Lord? No place that shall
 Secure our Souls from Death? Ah, none at all?
 What shall poor Mortals do? thy Laws are just,
 And most irrevocable; shall we trust
 Or flie to our own Merits, and be freed
 By our good Works? I; there were help indeed!
 Is there no City for a Soul to flie,
 And save it self: Must we resolve to die?
 O Infinite! O (not to be exprest?)
 Nay, not to be conceived by the Breast
 Of Men or Angels! O transcendent Love!
 Incomprehensible! as far above
 The reach of Man, as Mans deserts are under
 The sacred Benefit of so blest a Wonder!

That

That very *Blood* our sinful Hands have shed,
 Cries loud for *Mercy* and those *Wounds* do plead
 For those that made them: he that pleads *Forgives*;
 And is both *God* and *Man*; both *Dead*, and *Lives*;
 He whom we murther'd, is become our *Guardian*;
 He's *Man*, to suffer; and he's *God*, to *Pardon*:
 Here's our *Protection*; Here, our *Refuge City*,
 Whose living springs run *Piety* and *Pitty*:
 Go then my *Soul* and pass the common *Bounds*
 Of *Passion* go and kneel before his *Wounds*;
 Go touch them with thy *Lips*: thou needst not fear;
 They will not bleed afresh, though thou be there:
 But if they do, that very *Blood* thou spilt,
 Believe't, will plead thy *Pardon*, not thy *Guilt*.

XC. On the deposing of Princes.

I Know now by what vertue *Rome* deposes
 A *Christian Prince*: Did *Aaron* command *Moses*?
 If sacred *Scriptures* mention such thing,
 Sure *Rome* has colour to depole a *King*.

XCI. On Peter's Keys.

THE pow'r of *Peter* does all pow'r excell;
 He opens *Heav'n*; He shuts the *Doors* of *Hell*?
 The *Keys* are his; In what a case were they,
 Should *Peter*' *Successors* mistake the *Key*?

XCII. On Offerings.

ARE all such *Offerings*, as are crusht, and bruist,
 Forbid thy *Altar*? May they not but be us'd?
 And must all *broken Things* be set apart?
 No *Lord*: Thou wilt accept a *Broken Heart*.

XCIII. On Usurers.

Of all Men, *Us'ers* are not least accurst;
 They rob the *Spittle*, pinch th' Afflicted worst.
 In others grief they'r most delighted in;
 Whilst *Givers* suffer for the *Takers* Sin:
 O how unjust a Trade of life is that,
 Which makes the Lab'ers lean; and th' idle fat!

XCIV. On Repentance.

Can'st thou recover thy consumed *Flesh*
 From the well-feasted *Worms*? Or put on fresh
 Canst thou redeem thy *Ashes* from the Dead?
 Or quit thy Carcass from her sheet of Lead?
 Canst thou awaken thy earth-closed *Eyes*?
 Unlock thy Marble Monument and rise?
 All this thou may'st perform, with as great Ease,
 As to Repent thee, Mortal, when thou please:
 It is thy *Grave*, not *Bed* that thou art in:
 Th' art not *Asleep*, but thou art *Dead* in Sin.

XCV. On Wine and Water.

Nature and Grace, who ever tasted both
 Differ as much, as *Wine* and *Water* doth:
 This clenses, (if not grossly stain'd with Sin)
 The outward *Man*: but scowrs not, within:
 That chears the heart, and makes the *Courage* bold,
 Quickens and warms dead *Spirits* that are cold:
 It fires the *Blood*, and makes the *Soul* divine:
 O that my *Water*, Lord, were turn'd to *Wine*!

XCVI. On Balams Ass.

The *Ass*, that for her slowness, was forbid
 To be employed in God's service, did
 Perform

Perform good service now, in being slow:
 The *Ass* received stripes, but would not goe:
 She baulk'd the way, and *Balam* could not guid her;
 The *Ass* had far more wisdom then the *Rider*:
 The *Message* being bad, the *Ass* was loth
 To be the *Bearer*: 'Twas a happy sloth;
 'Twas well for *Balam* Had his *Ass* but try'd
 Another step, *Balam* had surely dy'd:
 Poor *Ass* ! And was thy faithful service payd
 With oft repeated strokes; Hadst thou obey'd,
 Thy Lord had bought thy travel, with his blood:
Such is Mans payment, often, bad for Good:
 The *Ass* begins to question with his *Master*,
 Argues the Case, pleads why he went no faster:
 Nay, shews him *Myst'ries*, far beyond his reach;
Sure, God wants Prophets, when dull Asses preach:
 The *Ass* perceives the *Angel*, and falls down;
 When *Balam* sees him not; or sees, unknown:
 Nor is't a wonder: for God's *Spirit* did pass
 From blindfold *Balam*, into *Balam's Ass*.

XCVII. On some raw Divines.

SOME raw *Divines*, no sooner are Espous'd
 To their first *Wives*, and in the Temple hous'd
 But straight the *Peace* is broke: They now begin
 T'appoint the *Field*, to fight their *Battles* in:
 School-men must war with School men; text with text
 The first's the *Chaldee's Paraphrase*; the next
 The *Septuagints*; *Opinion* thwarts *Opinion*;
 The *Papist* holds the first; The last, th' *Armenian*:
 And then the *Councils* must be call'd t' advice,
 What this of *Lateran* says; what, that of *Nice*:
 And here the point must be anew Disputed.
Arrins is false; and *Bellarmino's* confuted:

Thu

Thus with the sharp *Artill'ry* of their Wit,
 They shoot at *Random*, careless where they hit :
 The slightly studied *Fathers* must be pray'd,
 Although on small acquaintance, into aid,
 Whose glorious *Varnish* must impose a gloss
 Upon their *Paint*, whose Gold must gild their *dross*
 Now *Martin Luther* must be purg'd by them
 From all his *Errors*, like a School-boys *Theam* ;
Free-wil's disputed *Consubstantiation*,
 And the deep Ocean of *Predistination*,
 Where, daring venter, oft, too far into'r,
 They, *Pharoh*-like, are drown'd both *Horse* and *Foat*
 Forgetting that the Sacred Law enjoyns
New-married Men to sit beneath their *Vines*,
 And chear their *Wives* : They must not venter out
 To *War*, until, the Year be run about.

XCVIII. *On buying of the Bible.*

'TIs but a Folly to rejoice, or Boast,
 How small a *price* thy well-bought Pen'worth
 (cost;
 Until thy Death, thy shalt not fully know
 Wheather thy Purchase be good cheap, or no ;
 And at that day, believ'r, it will appear,
 If not extreamly *Cheap*, extreamly *Dear*.

XCIX *On the Buying of the New-Testament.*

R Eader, If thou wilt prove no more
 Than what I term thee, ev'n before
 Thou ask the *price*, turn back thine Eye ;
 If other wise unclasp, and Buy :
 Know then, the Price of what thou buy'st,
 Is the dear Blood of *Jesus Christ* ;

Which

Which Price is over dear to none,
 That dares protect it with his own :
 If thou stand guilty of the price,
 Ev'n save thy purse-strings, and be wise:
 Thy Money will but, in conclusion,
 Make purchase of thy own Confusion :
 But if that guilt be done away,
 Thou may'st as safely buy, as pay.

C. To my Book.

MR Little Pinnacle, strike thy Sails,
 Let slip thy Anchor? The Wind Fails:
 And Sea-men oft in Calms do fear
 That Foul and Boisterous weather's near ;
 If a robustious Storm should rise
 And bluster from Censorious Eyes,
 Although the swelling Waves be rough,
 And proud, thy Harbours safe enough:
 Rest, Rest, a while, till ebbing Tydes
 Shall make thee Stanch, and Bream thy sides ;
 When Winds shall serve, Hoist up thy Sail,
 And flie before a prosp'ous Gale ;
 That all the Coasters may resort,
 And bid the welcome to thy P O R T.

The End of the first Book.



D I V I N E F A N C I E S,

B O O K I I.

I. To Almighty GOD.

LORD, Thou requir'st the first of all our *Time*,
 The first of all our *Actions*, and the prime
 Of all our *Thoughts*; And, Lord, good reason, we,
 When Thou giv'st all, should give the *First* to Thee:
 But O, we often rob thee of thy due,
 Like *Elies* Children, whom thy vengeance slew:
 We pinch thy *Offring* to enlarge our *Fee*;
 We keep the *Fat*, and carve the *Lean* to thee:
 We thrust our three-tooth'd *Flesh-hook* in thy *Pot*,
 That only, what the *Flesh-hook* taketh not,
 We share to thee: Lord, we are still deceiving;
 We take the *Prime*, and feed thee with our *leaving*:
 Our *Sluttish Bowles* are cream'd with soil and filth,
 Our *Wheat* is full of *Chaff*; of *Tares*, our *Tilth*:
 Lord, what in *Flesh* and *Blood* can there be had,
 That's worth the having, when the best is bad,
 Here's nothing good, unless thou please to make it;
 O, then, if ought be worth the taking, take it.

II On God's Dyet.

DEAR Lord ; when we approach thy sacred Fire,
To burn our Sacrifice, thou do'st require
The Heads of ev'ry Beast that dyes ; the Hearts ;
Th'enclosed Fat ; and all the Inward parts :
Our Senses and our Memories must be
All set apart and sanctifi'd to Thee ;
The strength of our Desires, the best perfections
Of our imperfect Wills, the choice Affections
Of our refined Hearts must all conjoin
To seek thy Glory : They must all be thine :
I know thy Diet, Lord ; Of all the rest
Thou do'st affect the Head and Purtnance, best.

III. On Moses Birth and Death.

WE read ; no sooner new-born Moses Crept
Into this vale of Tears, but th'Infant wept ;
But, being warned of his Death, his Last,
We find it Storied, that he sung as Fast :
These sev'ral Passions found their reason, why ;
He dy'd to live, but he was born to dye :
To whom this Transitory life shall bring
Just cause to weep ; there, Death gives cause to sing.

IV. On Jephtha's Vow.

VICTORIOUS Jephtha, could thy Zeal allow
No other way, then by a rash made Vow,
T' express thy Thanks ? a Vow, whose undertaking
Was ev'n a Sin more odious, than the making :
'Twas cruel Piety that taught thee how
To paddle in thy Daughters Blood, But thou,
Unluckly Virgin I was there none to be
Betwixt thy Father's mortal Brow and Thee?

Why

Why cam'st thou forth, sweet *Virgin*? To what end
 Mad'st thou such needless haste? Thou cam'st to lend
 Thy filial *Triumph* to thy Fathers *Wrath*;
 Thou thought'st to meet a *Blessing*, and not *Death*:
Rash Jeptba! may not thy repentance quit
 That *Vow*, when *Rashness* was the Cause of it?
 O, canst thou not dispence what that, wherein,
 Thy strict Religion's a presumptuous Sin?
 Is she unhappy, or thou cruel rather?
 Unhappy *Child*, and too too cruel *Father*.

V. On *Jesus* and *Sampson*.

A *N* *Angel* did to *Manoah's* Wife appear,
 And brought the news her barren *Womb* should
 Did not another *Angel*, if not He, (bear
 Thrice blessed *Virgin*, bring the same to thee?
 The Wife of *Manoah* (nine months being run)
 Her Heav'n-saluted *Womb* brought forth a Son:
 To thee, sweet, *Virgin*, full of *Grace* and *Heaven*,
 A *Child* was born, to us a Son was given:
 The name of hers was *Sampson*, born to fight
 For captiv'd *Israel*, and a *Nazarite*:
 Thine was a *Naz'rite* too, and born to ease us
 From Satans burthens, and his name is *Jesus*:
Sampson espous'd, and took in Marriage her
 That was the child of an *Idolater*;
 Our *Jesus* took a Wife that bow'd the Knee,
 And worshipt unknown Gods, as well as she:
 Assaluted *Sampson* met, and had to do
 With a fierce *Lyon*; soyld, and slew him too:
 Our conquering *Jesus* purchas'd higher *Fame*;
 His arm encountred *Death*, and overcame:
 Victorious *Sampson* slept aside, and drew
 Pure *Honey* from the Carcass that he slew;
 When

When our triumphing *Jesus* sought, and found
 A greater *sweetness* in his *Lyon's* wound.
 Uxorious *Sampson* pleases to divide
 His purchas'd Honey, to his fairest *Bride*:
 But what! Is *Sampson* singular in this?
 Did not our *Jesus* do the like to *his*?
Sampson propounds a *Riddle*, and does hide
 The folded *Mystry* in his faithless *Bride*:
 Our Blessed *Jesus* propounds *Riddles* too,
 Too hard for Man, his *Bride* unsought, t'undo:
 The *Bride* forsakes her *Sampson*; do's betroth her
 To a new *Love*, and fasly weds another:
 And did not the adult'rous *Jews* forgo,
 Their first *Love Jesus*, and forsake him too?
 Displeased *Sampson* had the choice to Wed,
 The younger *Sister* in the *Elders* stead:
 Displeased *Jesus* had espous'd the *Younger*:
 God send her Fairer; and Affections stronger:
Sampson sent *Foxes* on his fiery *Errant*,
 Among their *Corn*, and made their *Crimes* his *Warrant*
 Offended *Jesus* shews as able *Signs*,
 Of wrath: His *Foxes* have destroy'd their *Vines*:
 Our *Sampsons* *Love* to *Dalilah* was such,
 That for her sake poor *Sampson* suffer'd much:
 Our *Jesus* had his *Dalilah*: For her
 His *Soul* became so great a sufferer.
Sampson was subject to their *scorn* and *shame*:
 And was not *Jesus* even the very same?
Sampson's betray'd to the *Philistians* Hands,
 Was bound a while, but quickly brake his *Bands*:
Jesus the First, and Second Day, could be
 The *Graves* close *Pris'ner*; but the Third was free:
 In this they differ'd; *Jesus* dying *Breath*
 Cry'd out for *Life*, but *Sampson's* call'd for *Death*:
Father

Father forgive them ; did our Jesus Cry ;
 But Sampson, Let me be reveng'd and Dye :
 Since then, sweet Saviour, 'tis thy Death must ease us,
 We flie from Sampson, and appeal to Jesus.

VI. On Ely's double Censure.

WHEN barren Hannah, prostrate on the Floor,
 In heat and zeal and passion, did implore
 Redress from Heav'n, censorious Ely Thought
 She had been Drunk, and checkt her for her fault ;
 Rough was his Censure, and his Check, austere ;
 Where mildness should be us'd, w'are oft severe.
 But when his lustful Sons, that could abuse
 The House of God, making her Porch their Stews,
 Appear'd before him, his indulgent Tongue
 Compounded rather than rebuk'd the wrong ;
 He dare not shoot, for fear he wound his Child ;
 Where we should be severe, w'are oft too mild :
 Unequal Ely ! was thy Sentence j ust,
 To censure Zeal, and not to punish Lust ?
 Could thy Parental mildness but have past
 The former by as eas'ly, as the last,
 Or had the last, by just propotion been
 Rated but like the first supposed Sin,
 Perchance thy aged Head had found encrease
 Of some few Days, and gone to sleep in Peace :
 Passions misplac'd are dangerous : Let all
 Remember Ely's Faults, with Ely's Fall.

VII. On the Refining of Gold.

HAST thou observed how the curious Hand
 Of the Refiner seeks to understand
 The inadult'rate pureness of his Gold ?
 He weighs it first, and after does infold

In *Lead* ? and then commits it to the *Fire* ;
 And, as the *Lead* consumes, the *Gold* draws nigher
 To his Perfection, without wast or loss
 Of his pure substance, but his weight, his dross :
 The Great *Refiner* of Mans baser *Heart*,
 Uses the like, nay shoves the self-same *Art* ;
 He weighs it first, and finding it too full
 Of *Traff* and *Earth*, he wraps it in some dull
 And leaden *Cross*, of *Punishment* or *Sin* ;
 Then tries it in *Afflictions Fire* ; wherein
 The *Lead* and *Dross* evaporate together,
 And leave the *Heart* *Refin'd*, and quit of either :
 Thus though Mans *Heart* be lessen'd by the *Cross*,
 And lighter ; 'Tis but lighter by the *Dross*.

VIII. On *Dagon* and the *Ark*.

WHAT news with *Dagon* ? Is thy shrine so hor,
 Thou canst not keep it ? Or has *Dagon* got
 The falling sickness, that his *Godship's* found
 On such a Posture, prostrate on the Ground ?
 Poor helpless *God* ! But stay ! Is *Dagon* grown
 So weak ith' *Hams* : Nor stand, nor rise, alone ?
 A *God*, and cannot rise ? 'Tis very odd !
 He must have help, or lye : A proper *God* !
 Well, *Dagon* must require help of *Hands* ;
 Up *Dagon* goes the second Time, and stands
 As confident as though his place had been
 His own, in *Fee* : Down *Dagon* falls agen :
 But *Dagon's* shrewdly martyr'd with the jump,
 Lost *Hands* and *Head*, and nothing left but *stump* :
 Sure all's not well with *Dagon*, now a late ;
 He's either Sick, or much forgot the State
 Belonging to so great a *God* : Has none
 Offer'd some stinking *Sacrifice*, or blown

Some

Some nauseous fume into his Sacred Nose,
 And made his *Godship* Dizzy? or who knows,
 Perchance h'as taken Pet, and will resign
 His fullen place, and quit his empty Shrine:
 No wonder a *false God* should stoop, and lye
 Upon the Floor, when as a *true God's* by:
 It was unlikely *Dagon* should forbear
 Respite of *Homage*, when the *Ark* was there:
 If I would worship a *false God* at all,
 It should be one that would not scorn to fall
 Before his *Betters*: whose indiff'rent Arm,
 If it could do no Good, could do no harm;
 I'd rather choose to bend my idle Knee,
 Of all *false Gods*, to such a *God* as Hee,
 Whose spirits not too quick: *The fabulous Frog*
Found greater danger in the stork, then Log:
 And to conclude, I'd choose him *Dagon-like*,
 Nor having *Head* to plot; nor *Hand* to Strike.

IX. On Saul and David.

SURE, *Saul* as little look'd to be a *King*,
 As I: and *David* dream'd of such a *Thing*,
 As much as he; when both alike did keep,
 The one his *Father's Asses*; t'other *Sheep*:
Saul must forsake his *Whip*: And *David* flings
 His *Crook* aside; And they must both be *Kings*:
Saul had no *Sword*: and *David* had no *Spear*,
 There was none *Conquer'd*, nor no *Conqu'ror* there;
 There was no *Sweat*; There was no *Blood*, to shed;
 The unsought *Crown* besought the wearers *Head*;
 There was no *Stratagem*; No *Opposition*;
 No taking parts; No jealous *Competition*:
 There needs no *Art*; There needs no *sword* to bring
 And place the *Crown*, where *God* appoints the *King*,
 Satans.

X. On David and Goliath.

Satan's the great *Goliath*, that so boasts
And threats our *Israel*, and defies her *Hosts*:
Those smother *Stones* courageous *David* took
From the soft bosom of the silver Brook,
Are *Scriptum est*: The sling that gives them flight,
Is *Faith*; That makes them flie, and flie a right:
Lord, lend me *David's Sling*, and then I know,
I shall have *David's strength* and *courage* too;
Give me but skill to pick such *Serms*, as these,
And I will meet *Goliath* when he please.

XI. On Saul's *Witch*.

W^Hen Saul receiv'd no answer down from heav'n,
How quickly was his jealous passion driven
A despr'ate Course! he needs must cure the *Itch*
Of his extream desires, by a *Witch*:
When we have lost our way to God, how level,
How easie to be found's the way to th' Devil.

XII. On the Necessity of Gods presence.

W^Hen thou wert present with thy strengthening *Grace*
Saul prophesied, and fought:
But when, Great God, thou didst with-draw thy face,
Murder was in his Thought:
Thus, as thou giv'st, or tak'st away thy Hand
We either fall, or stand.

XIII. David's Epitaph on Jonathan.

H^{ER}e lyes the fairest Flower, that stood
In *Isr'els Garden*; now, in *Blood*;
Which, Death to make her Garland gay,
Hath cropt, against her Triumph Day:

C

Here

Here, here lies *He*, whose *Actions* pen'd
 The perfect Copy of a Friend:
 Whose milk *White Vellum* did incur
 No least suspicion of a Blurr:
 Here lies th' example of a Brother,
 Not to be follow'd by another;
 The fair indented Counter-part
 Of David's Joy, of David's Heart:
 Rest then; For ever, rest alone;
 Thy Ashes can be touch'd by none,
 'Till Death hath pickt out such another:
 Here lies a Flow'r, a Friend, a Brother.

XIV. On God's Word.

GOD's sacred *Word* is like the *Lamp* of Day,
 Which softens *Wax*, but makes obdure the *clay*;
 It either melts the *Heart*, or more obdures;
 It never falls in vain; It *Wounds* or *Cures*:
 Lord make my breast thy *Hive*, and then I know,
 Thy *Bees* will bring in *Wax* and *Honey* too.

XV. On Man.

BY Nature, Lord, Men worse than *Nothing* be;
 And less than *Nothing*, if compar'd with *Thee*;
 If less and worse than *Nothing*, tell me then,
 Where is that *Something*, thou lo boasts, proud *Man*?

XVI. On Ahaz Dial,

MAN's *Heart*'s like *Ahaz Dial*; If it flees
 Not Forward; it goes backward ten *Degrees*.

XVII. On Lust.

LUst is an *Ignis fatuus*, that arises
 From the base *Earth*, that plays her wanton prizes

In solitary *Hearts*, and ever haunts
Dark places, whose deceitful flame inchaunts
 The wandering steps of the diverted *stranger*,
 Still tempting his mis-guided Feet to danger:
 She never leaves, till by her fair Delusion,
 she brings him headlong to his own confusion.

XVIII. On Thamar and Ammon.

She must be lov'd ; Then courted ; and what more,
 Enjoy'd ; then hated ; then expel'd the door :
 Ammon must be discov'ed ; must obtain
 Licence to Feast ; and then, be Drunk, then Slain:
 O what Repose is had in sinful *Breath*,
 Whose Love, in *Hate* ; whose Mirth concludes in
 Death !

XIX. On Love and Lust, (Brother.)

They'r wide, that take base Lust, for Loves half-
 Yielding two *Fathers*, but the self same *Mother* :
 Lust is a Monster, that's conceiv'd and bred
 Of the abused *Will* ; maintain'd, and fed
 With *sensual Thoughts* ; Of Nature rude, uncivil ;
 Of Life, robustious ; and whose *Sire's* the Devil.
 But Love's the Child of th' *uncorrupted Will*,
 Nourish'd with *Vertue*, Poys'ned with the *swill*
 Of base respects ; Of Nature, sweet and mild ;
 In manners Gentle ; eas'ly known, whose *Child* ;
 For, by the likeness, ev'ry Eye may gather,
 That he's the Off-spring of a heav'nly *Father* :
 This, suffers all Things ; That, can suffer Nothing ;
 This, never ends ; That, ever ends in loathing :
 T'one loves the *Darkness* most : The other *Light* :
 The last's the Child of *Day* ; The first, of *Night* ;
 C 2 The

Divine Fancies.

The one is meek; The other, full of Fire;
This never lags; That ever apt to tyre;
T'on's rash and furious; T'other mild and sage;
That dies with Youth; whilst This survives with Age;
The One's couragious; T'other full of Fears;
That seeks; The other baulks both Eyes and Ears:
In brief, to know them both aright, and miss not;
In all respects, t'one is, what t'other is not:
So far from Brothers, that they seem disjoyn'd,
Not in Condition only, but in Kind:
Admit a falshood, that they had one Mother,
The best that Lust can claim's a Bastard Brother:
Great God, must thou be conscious of that Name,
Which jealous Mortals count the height of Shame?
And not thy Nuptial Bed alone defil'd,
But to be charged with the base-born Child?
And yet not mov'd? and yet not move thy Rod?
Hast thou not cause to be a Jealous God?
Can thy just Jealousies, Great God, be grounded
On Man's disloyalty, not Man confounded?

XX. *On a Tinder-Box.*

M*Y Soul is like to Tinder, whereinto*
The Devil strikes a Spark, at ev'ry blow;
My Heart's the Flint; The Steel Temptation is;
And his Suggestions Hit, and never Miss:
His Hand is sure? My Tinder apt to catch,
Soon sets on fire ev'ry profer'd Match.

XXI. *On Achitophel.*

S*Age were thy Councils, and as well apply'd,*
If thou had'st had but Loyalty on thy side:

I like thy last *Design* (above the rest):
 When thou hadst set thy *House* in *order*, best;
 In all *Exploits*, the *Rule* is not so ample,
 Not half so beneficial as th' *Example*:
 Th' Almighty prosper *Christian* *Crowns*; and *Bless*
 All such like *Councils*, with the like *Success*:
 Confound *Achitophel*: and Lord, impart,
 His *Head* to us; and to our *Foes*, his *Heart*.

XXII. On Sin.

*Unhappy Man! Whose every Breath
 Is Sin: Whose every Sin is Death:*

SIN, first Original; Then our actual Sin:
 Our Sins that sally forth: Our Sins that lurk
 (within)

Our wilful Sins; and Worlds of Sins by chance,
 Our conscious Sins; our Sins of darker Ignorance
 Our oft-repeated Sins: Sins never reckon'd:
 'Gainst the first Table Sins: Sins done against the
 second

Our pleading Sins; our Sins without a cause:
 Our gospel-Sins; rebellious Sins against thy Laws
 Our Sins against our Vows; fresh Sins again:
 Sin of infirmity and high presumptuous Sin:
 Thus like our Lives, our Lives begin,
 Continue, and conclude in Sin:

XXIII. On the Sun and Stars.

OUR dying Saviour's like the setting Sun;
 His Saints, on Earth, are like the Stars of Night
 Experience tells us, till the Sun be gon,
 The Stars appear not, and retain no light:

'Till *Sun-set* we discern no Stars at all,
And Saints receive their Glory, in his *fall*.

XXIV. On Absolon and Sampson.

Sampson's defect, and thy excess of *Hair*, (*Air*)
Gave him his Death, oth' ground; the, thine it
His Thoughts were too deprest; thine for'd too high
As mortals Live, so oftentimes they Die:

XXV. On God's Favour.

God's favour's like the *Sun* whose beams appear
To all that dwell in the worlds *Hemisphere*,
Though not to all alike: To some they express
Themselves more radiant, and to others less:
To some they rise more early; and they fall
More late to others, giving Day to all:
Some soyl's more gross, and breathing more impure
And earthly *vapours* forth, whose fogs obscure
The darkned *Medium* of the moister Air;
Whilst other soiles, more perfect, yeild more rare
And purer *Fumes*; whereby, those *Beams* appear
To some less glorious; and to some more clear.
It would be ever Day; Day, always bright,
Did not our interposed *Earth* make Night:
The *Sun* shines always Strenuous and Fair,
But, ah, our Sins, our Clouds benight the Air:
Lord drain the *Fens* of this my Boggie Soul,
Whose grosser *vapours* make my Day so foul;
Thy S O N hath strength enough to chase away
These rising *Fogs*, and make a glorious Day:
Rise, and shine always clear; but most of all,
Let me behold thy glory, in thy *Fall*;
That being set, poor I (my flesh being hurl'd
From this) may meet thee, in another world.

My

XXVI. On a spiritual Fever.

MY soul hath had a *Fever*, a long while;
 O, I can neither rellish, nor digest,
 My nimble *Pulfs* beat? my *veins* do boil:
 I cannot close mine eyes, I cannot rest:
 O, for a *Surgeon*, now, to strike a *Vein*!
 That, that would lay my *Heat*, and ease my *Pain*:
 No, no, It is thy *Blood*, and not my own,
 Thy *Blood* must cure me, *Jesus*, or else none.

XXVII. On David's Choice.

Famine? the *Sword*; the *Pestilence*; which is least;
 When all are great; which worst, when bad's the
 It is a point of *Mercy*, yet, to give (best?)
 A choice of *Death* to such, as must not live:
 But was the choice so *Hard*? It seems to me,
 There was a worse and better of the three,
 Though all extream: Methinks the help of *Hands*
 Might swag the first; The *Bread* of Foreign Lands
 Might patch their lives, & make some slender shift
 To save a while, with necessary thrift:
 Methinks, the second should be less extream
 Then that; Alas! poor *Israel* could not Dream
 Of too much *Peace*, that had so oft division
 Among themselves, and foreign opposition:
 Besides, thier King was *Martial*; his acts *Glorious*;
 His Heart was *Valliant*, and his Hand *Victorious*;
 Methinks a Conquerour; a *Man oth' sword*
 Should nere be puzzel'd at so poor a *Word*:
 In both however, *David*, at the worst,
 Might well presume he should not die the first.
 But oh, the *Plague's* impartial, it respects
 No *Quality* of *Person*, *Age*, nor *Sex*:

The Royal *Breast's* as open to her Hand
 As is the loosest *Pesant* in the Land :
Famine ? the *Sword* ? the *Pestilence* ? *David* free
 To take his choice ? and pick the worst of three ?
 He that gave *David* power to refuse,
 Instructed *David*, in the Art to chuse ;
 He knew no foreign Kingdom could afford
 Supply, where God makes *Dearth* : He knew the *Sword*
 Would want an Arm ; the Arm would want her skill ;
 And skill, *success*, where heav'n prepares to kill :
 He knew, there was no trust, no safe recourse
 To *Martial* Man, or to his warlike *Horse* ;
 But it is Thou, *Great God*, the only close
 Of his best Thoughts, and the secure repose
 Of all his Trust, He yeilds to kiss thy Rod ;
Israel was thine, and thou art *Israel's* God :
 He knew thy gracious *Want*, thy wonted *Grace* ;
 He knew, thy *Mercy* took the upper place
 Of all thy *Attributes* ; 'Twas no adventure
 To cast himself on Thee, the only Center
 Of all his hopes ; Thy *David* knew the danger
 To fall toth' Hands of Man ; or *Friend*, or *Stranger* :
 Thus *David's* filial hopes, being anchor'd fast
 On God's known *Mercy*, wisely chose the last :
 If thou wilt give me *David's* Heart : I'll voice,
 Great God, with *David* ; and make *David's* choice
 But stay, dear Lord, my Tongue's too bold, too free,
 To speak of choice that merits all the *Three*.

XXVIII On Mans unequal Division.

Lord, 'tis a common Course ; w'are apt and free
 To take the Best, and share the worst to Thee :
 We Fleet the *Mornings* for our own Design ;
 Perchance, the *Flotten Afternoons* are thine :

Thou

Thou giv'st us *Silk*; we offer *Cammels-Hair*,
Thy *Blessings* march ith' *Front*; our *Thanks*, ith' *Rear*.

XXIX. On *Beggers*.

NO wonder that such swarms of *Beggers* lurk
In every *Street*: 'Tis a worse trade to work
Then beg: Yet some, if they can make but shift
To live, will think it scorn to thrive by *Gift*;
'Tis a brave mind; but yet no wise fore-cast;
It is but *Pride*, and *Pride* will stoop at last;
We all are *Beggers*; should be so at least;
Alas! we cannot work: The very best
Our *Hands* can do, will not maintain to live;
We can but hold them up, whilst others give:
No shame for helpless *Man* to pray in aid;
Great *Sol'mon* scorn'd not to be *Free o'th Trade*;
He beg'd an *A'lms* and blusht not; For the *Bloom*
He got, was *Treble* fairer than his *Crown*:
No wonder that he thriv'd by begging so;
He was both *Begger* and a *Chuser* too.
O who would trust to *Work*, that may obtain
The *Suit* he begs, without or *sweat*, or *pain*!
O what a privilege, Great *God*, have we,
That have the *Honour*, but to beg on thee!
Thou dost not fright us with the torring *Whips*,
Of *Bodels*; nor dost answer our faint *Lies*
With churlish language; Lord, thou dost not praise
The stricter *Statue* of last *Henry's* days:
Thou dost not damp us with the empty voice
Of *Nothing* for ye: If our clam'rous *Noise*
Should chance i'mportune, turn'st thy gracious *Eye*
Upon our wants, and mak'st a quick supply:
Thou dost not brands us with th' opprobrious *Name*
Of idle *Vagabonds*: Thou know'st w'are *Lame*.

And

And cannot Work, Thou dost not, *Pharoh* like;
 Deny us *Straw*, and yet require a *Brick*:
 Thou canst not hear us groan beneath our *Task*,
 But freely giv'st, what we have *Faith* to ask:
 The most, for which my large desire shall plead,
 To serve the present's but a *Loaf of Bread*,
 Or but a *Token* (ev'n as *Beggars* use;)
 That, of thy Love, will fill my slender *Cruse*:
 Lord, during Life, I'll beg no greater *Boon*
 If at my Death, thou'lt give me but a *Crown*.

XXX. On the two Children.

MY *Flesh* and *Spirit*, Lord, are like those pair
 Of *Infants*, whose sad Mothers did repair
 To *Justice*: T'one is *quick*? the other *dead*:
 The two promiscuous Parents, that do plead
 For the live Child, is *Thee* and *Satan*, Lord:
 Both claim alike; *Justice* calls forth the *Sword*,
 And seeing both, with equal tears, complain,
 Proffers to cleave the *Children* both in twain;
 And make them equal sharers in the same
 That both do challenge, and what both disclaim:
Satan applauds the motion, and repli'd;
 Nor *thine*, nor *mine*, but let them both divide;
 And give alike to both: But thou, dear Lord,
 Dislik'st the *Justice* of th' unequal *Sword*:
 Rather than share it *dead*, thou leav'st to strive,
 And wilt not own't at all, if not *alive*:
 The *Sword's* put up, and straight condemns the other
 To be the false; calls *Thee*, the *nat'ral Mother*:
 Lord of my Soul: It is but *Satan's* wild
 To cheat thy bosom of thy *living Child*;
 He'd have the Question by the *Sword* decided,
 Knowing the Soul's but *Dead*, if once *Divided*:

My

My better part is thine, and thine alone;
Take thou the *Flesh*, and let him gnaw the *Bone*.

XXXI. *On two Mysteries.*

A Perfect *Virgin*, to bring forth a Son!
One, three entire? and Three, entirely One!
Wonder of Wonders! How might all this come?
We must be deaf, when th'holy Spirit's dumb;
Spare to enquire it: Thou shalt never know,
Till *Heav'n* dissolve, and the last *Trump* shall blow

XXXII. *A Form of Prayer.*

I F thou woldst learn, not knowing how, to pray,
Add but a *Faith*, and say as *Beggars* say;
Master, I'm *Poor and Blind*, in great *Distress*;
Hungry and Lame, and *Cold*, and *Comfortless*:
O, succour him, that's *gravell'd on the Shelf*
Of *Pain*, and *want*, and *cannot help himself*;
Cast down thine *Eye* upon a *wretch*, and take
Some *pity on me* for *sweet Jesus* sake:
But hold! Take heed this *Clause* be not put in,
I never *beg'd before*, nor *will agin*:
Note this *withal*, That *Beggars* move their *plaints*.
At all times *Ore tenus*, not by *Saints*.

XXXIII. *On Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.*

I T spreads: The sweet *perfume* of *Solomon's Fame*
Affects the *Coasts*; And his illustrious *Name*
Cannot be hid: The *unbeliev'd report*
Must *flie* with *Eagles wings*, to th'honour'd *Court*.
Of princely *Sheba*: *Sheba* must not rest,
Untill her *Eye* become th'invited *Guest*
Of *Fames* loud *Trumper*; her *impatience strives*
With *light-foot Time*, while her *Ambition drives*

Her

Her *Chariot* wheels, and gives an airy Passage
 To th' quick deliv'ry of her hearts *Embassage*:
True wisdom planted in the hearts of *Kings*,
 Needs no more glory then the glory it brings;
 And, like the *Sun*, is view'd by her own light,
 B'ing, by her own reflection, made more bright.
 The emulous *Queen's* arriv'd; *She's* gone toth' *Cour*
 No Eye delighting *Masque*; no princely Sport
 To entertain her; No, her Eye, her Ear
 Is taken up, and scorns to see, to hear
 Inferiour things: Sh'allows her Ear, her Eye
 No less then *Oracles*, and *Majesty*:
How, empty pastimes do resolve and flie
 To their true nothing, when true wisdom's by!
 Th'arrived *Queen* has *Audience*; moves; *Disputes*;
Wise Solomon attends? replies; confutes;
 Sh' objects; he answers: *She* afresh propounds;
She proves, maintains it; he decides; confounds:
She smiles; *she* wonders, being overdaz'd
 With his bright beams, stands silent; stands amaz'd
How *Scripture-like* *Apocrypha's* appear
 To common *Books*! how poor, when *Scripture's* near:
 The *Queen* is pleas'd, who never yet did know
 The blast of *Fame*, less prodigal, than now;
 For now, the greatest part of what she knew
 By *Fame*, is found the least of what is true;
 We often find that *Fame*, in prime of Youth,
 Does add to *Falshood*, and substract from *Truth*:
 The thankful *Queen* do's with a lib'ral Hand,
 Present him with the *Riches* of her Land:
 Where *Wisdom* goes before we often find
 That *temp'ral Blessings* seldom stay behind:
 Lord, grant me *wisdom*; and I shall possess
 Enough; have *More*, or have content with *Less*.

Coul

XXXIII. On Rehoboam.

Could dying Parents, at their peaceful Death,
 Make but a firm Assurance, or bequeath
 Their living Vertues; Could they recommend
 Their wisdom to their Heirs; Could hearts descenda
 Upon the Bosom of succeeding Sons
 As well as Scepters does, as well as Thrones;
 Sure Rehoboam's Reign had found increase
 Of Love and Honour, and had died in Peace:
 Kingdoms are transitory: Scepters go (brow
 From Hand, to Hand; and Crowns, from brow, &
 But Wisdom marches on a another guise:
 They'r two Things, to be Worldly Great, and Wise
 It was the self same Scepter that came down
 From Solomon to thee: The self-same Crown,
 That did enlose his Princely brows and thine;
 The self-same Flesh and Blood, the next o'th' Line
 The self same People were alive, to Bless
 The prosp'rous Days; But not the same Success:
 Where rests the fault? what secret mischief can
 Un-same thy place? 'Twas not the self-same Man

XXXIV. On the Prophet Slain by a Lyon.

'T Was not for Malice; not for want of Food,
 The obvious Lyon shed this Prophet's Blood:
 Where faithless Man neglects the sacred Law
 Of God; there, Beasts abate their servile Awe
 To Man: When Man dares take a dispensation,
 By sin, to Frustrate th' end of Man's Creation,
 The Beasts, oft-times, by Man's example, do
 Repounce the end of their Creation too:
 The Prophet must abstain: He was forbid;
 He must not Eat: And yet the Prophet did:

The

Th' obedient *Lyon* had command to shed
 That *Phophets* Blood : and see, the *Prophet's* Dead:
 O, how corrupt's that Nature of Man's *Will*,
 That breaks those Laws which very *Beasts* fulfil !

XXXV. On *Abab*.

How *Abab* longs ! *Abab* must be posselt
 Of *Naboths' Vineyard*, or can find no rest :
 His Tongue must second his unlawful Eye :
Abab must sue : and *Naboth* must deny :
Abab grows sullen ; he can eat no Bread ;
 His Body prostrates on his restless Bed :
Unlawful lust immoderate often brings
A loathing in the use of lawful Things :
Abab's desire must not be with-stood
 It must be purchas'd, though, with *Naboth's* Blood ;
Witness must be suborn'd : *Natboh* must lie
 Open to Law ; must be condem'd ; and dye :
 His Goods must be confiscate to the Crown ;
 Now *Abab's* pleased ; The *Vineyard's* now his own :
Unlawful Peasures, when they justle further
Than ordinary Bound ; oft end in murther.
 Merthinks, the Grapes that cluster from that *Vine*
 Should (being prest) afford more Blood then *Wine*

XXXVI. On *Rehoboam*.

PEople have *Balances* ; wherein to weigh (wray
 Their new crown'd *Princes* ; which can soon be-
 Their native worth : Some conterpoise th' allow :
 Unhappy *Israel* had not weights enow,
 To weigh thy *Fingers* : *Heads* can never rest
 In peace, when their poor members are oppress :
 Had thy unlucky *Fingers* weigh'd no more
 Than thy light *Judgment* ; had by *Judgment* bore
 But

But half the burthen of thy *Fingers* weight,
 Thou had been proff'rous, both in *Crown*, and *State*;
 The *Lyon's* known by's *Paw*; The people spends
 Their Judgment of a Prince by's *Fingers* Ends.

XXXVII. On Leprous Naaman.

THe Leper, prompted with his lothsome grief
 Seeks to the King of *Israel* for relief:
 But *Naaman's* vaine desires could not thrive;
Israel's no God; to kill, or make alive:
 The *Moral Man* is of too mean a *Stature*,
 To reach his hand above the head of *Nature*:
 The willing Prophet undertakes the Cure;
 The Leper must go wash, and be secure
 From his *Disease*: He must go paddle straight,
 In *Jordan's* water, 'Tis a fair Receipt:
 And why in *Jordan*, Have our *Syrian* streams
 Less pow'r then *Isr'el's*? sure the Prophet dreams:
 How hard it is for *Mortals* to rely
 On Faith! How apt is sense, to question, why?
 The Cure perplexes more than the *Disease*,
 Prophets prescribe no better means then these;
 I look'd his Ceremonious hand should stroke
 The place; I look'd the Prophet should invoke:
 Some men would fain be clean if God would stay
 Their times, or would but cure them their own way:
 The touchy Leper is displeas'd; he'l hence:
 The *Jordan* Prophet dallies ag'inst sense:
 His wiser servants urge their hasty Lord
 To *Jordan's* streams: He washes; is restor'd:
 How good a God have we, whose grace fulfils
 Our choice-desires oft-times against our wills!
 The Leper's clens'd; And now he dos applaud
 Not *Isr'el's* streams alone, but *Isr'el's* God;

The

The Prophet must have thanks, and Gold beside;
 The thanks are taken, but the Gold's deny'd:
*Who would not deal with Thee, that art not nice,
 To sell such Pen'worths at so small a price!*
 Naaman, in lieu of his refus'd reward,
 Vows the true God; provided, when his Lord
 Shall serve ith' house of Rimmon, if he bow
 For fashion-sake, he may secure his Vow:
*Some will not stick to lend their God a House,
 Might they reserve one room for their own use:*
 Gehazi thinks the Cure too cheap; He soon
 Oretakes the Leper's Chariot, asks a Boon
 I'th' Prophets name: But mark what did befall;
 He got his Boon but got his plague withal:
*Unlawful gains are least what they appear:
 And ill-got Gold is always bought too dear:*
 Lord, I did wash in Jordan, and was cur'd;
 My Flesh, that false Gehazi, hath procur'd
 A sinful purchase, having over-run
 The censed Naaman of my Soul; What's done
 By false Gehazi, let Gehazi bear;
 Let Naaman's Leprosie alone stick there;
 O, cense them both, or if that may not be,
 Lord, strike Gehazi; and keep Naaman free,

XXXVIII. On Chamber-Christians.

NO matter whether (some there be that say)
 Or go to Church, or stay at home, if pray:
 Smith's dainty Sermons have, in plenty, stor'd me
 With better stuff, then Pulpits can afford me:
 Tell me, why pray'st thou; Heav'n commanded so:
 Art not commanded to his Temples too;
 Small store of manners! when thy Prince bid's come,
 And feast at Court; to say, I've Meat at home.

Lord,

XXXIX. *On the Widow's Cruse.*

LORD, I'm in Debt, and have not wherewithal
To pay: My Score is great; my Wealth but small;
My House is poorly furnish'd, and my Food
Is slender; I have nothing that is good:
Lord, if my wasted *Fortunes* prove no better,
My *Debt* is ev'n as desp'rate as the *Debtor*:
All the relief thy Servant this long while
Hath had, is but a little *Cruse* of Oyl;
There's none will give of *Alms*; I neither get
Enough to satisfy my *Want*, nor *Debt*:
Lord, if thee please to shew the self-same Art
Upon the slender *Vessel* of my Heart,
The *Prophet* did upon the *Widow's Cruse*,
I shall have Oyl to sell, have Oyl to use;
So shall my *Debt* be paid, and I go free;
No *Debt* is desp'rate, in respect of thee.

XL. *On the swimming Ax.*

THE borrow'd *Ax* fell in; 'twas lost, lamented;
The *Prophet* mov'd; the *Workman* discontented;
A *Stick* hewn down; and by the *Prophets* Hand
Thrown in; the *Ax* did float, and came aland:
And why a *Stick*? Had that the pow'r to call
The *massy Iron* up? Sure, none at all:
Moses must use his *Rod*; *Moses* I doubt it,
Had been but lame, but impotent without it;
Nor could that *Rod* have scourged *Pharoh's Land*,
Had it been waved by an *other Hand*:
God often works by *Means*, and yet not so,
But that he can, as well without them, too.
God can save Man without the help of Man,
But will not; Wills not always that he can:
Something is left for us; we must not lye
In Ditch, and cry, *And if we die we die*: We

We must not lye like *Blocks*, relying on
 The Workman's *Ax*, there's something must be done;
 The Workman's *Ax* perchance had never bin
 Recal'd again, if not the *Stick* thrown in;
 We must be doing, yet those *Deeds*, as our,
 Have no more native *Vertue*, nay, less power
 To save us, then that *Stick* had, to recal
 The *Ax* from the deep bottom of his Fall.

I will be doing; but repose in *Him*;
 Throw I in *Sticks*; he'll make my *Iron* swim.

XLII. On Baal's Priests.

Jehu's crown'd King, *Jehu* the King must fall
 To *Abab's* Gods; *Jehu* must worship *Baal*:
 The Gods-divided People must go call
Baal's sacred *Priests*; *Jehu* must worship *Baal*.
 None must be left behind; they must come all;
Jehu must burn a Sacrifice to *Baal*:
 The *Priests* come puffing in; both great and small
 Must wait on *Jehu* that must worship *Baal*.
Baal's House is fill'd and crowded to the Wall
 With People, that are come to worship *Baal*.
 What must there now be done? what Offering shall
 Perfume *Baal's* *Nostrils*? ev'n the *Priests* of *Baal*:
Baal's Holy *Temple's* now become a *Stall*
 Of Priestly *Flesh*; of fleshly *Priests* for *Baal*;
 How would our *Gospel* flourish, if that all
 Princes, like *Jehu*, would but worship *Baal*!

XLII. On the Tempter.

How dares thy *Bandog*, Lord, presume t'approach
 Into thy sacred Presence? or incroach
 Upon thy choice *Possessions*, to devour
 Thy sporting *Lambs*? to counterfeit thy po'wr,

And

And to usurp thy *Kingdom*, ev'n as he
 Were, Lord, at least, a *Substitute* to thee?
 Why dost not rate him? why does he obtain
 Such Favour to have liberty of his *Chain*?
 Have we not *Enemies* to counterbuisse,
 Enow? Is not the *Flesh*, the *World* enough
 To foyl us? this *Abroad*, and that at *Home*;
 But must that Satan, must that *Bandog* come
 T'afflict the *weak*, and take the *stronger* side?
 O, are there not enow, enow beside?
 Is there not odds enough, when we have none
 But mighty *Foes*; nay, *Rebels* of our own,
 Beneath a false disguise of *Love* and *Peace*,
 That still betray us? Are not these, all these
 Sufficient, to encounter and o'rthrow
 Poor sinful Man; but must that *Bandog* too
 Assault us, Lord? We dare not cast our *Eyes*
 Our timorous *Eyes* to Heav'n, we dare not rise
 From off our aking *Knees*, to plead our *Case*,
 When he can commune with thee *Face to Face*;
 Nay more, were it but possible to do,
 Would draw thee, Lord, to his bold *Faction* too:
 Lord, lend me but thy power to resist
 What *Foes* thou sendst, and send what *Foes* thou list;
 It is thy *Battle*: If thou please to warm
 My *Blood*, and find the *Strength*, I'll find the *Arm*;
 March thou i'th' *Front*, I'll follow in the *Rear*;
 Come then ten thousand *Bandogs*, I'll not fear.

XLIII. On a Cypher.

Cypfers to *Cypfers* added, seem to come
 (With those that know not *Art*) to a great *sum*:
 But such as Skill in *Numeration*, know,
 That worlds of *Cypfers*, are but worlds of *show*.

We

We stand those *Cyphers*, 'ere since *Adam's* fall;
 We are but *show* : we are no *sum* at all :
 Our bosom-pleasures and delights, that do
 Appear so glorious, are but *Cyphers* too :
 High-prized *honour*, *Friends*, This House ; The *totter*,
 Are but one *Cypher* added to another :
 Reckon by rules of *Art*, and tell me then,
 How great is thy *Estate*, Ingenious Man ?
 Lord, be my *Figure*, Then it shall be known
 That I am *Something* ; *Nothing*, if alone :
 I care not in what *place*, in what *degree* ;
 I do not weigh how small my *Figure* be :
 But as I am, I have not worth, nor *vigour* :
 I am thy *Cypher* ; O, be thou my *Figure* .

XLIII. On Haman and Mordecay.

THE King wold fain take rest; But thought denies
 To pay her nightly *Tribute* to his *Eyes* :
 The *Persian Chronicle* must be brought, to set
 His *Eyes* in quiet, till they'r payd the *debt* :
 He turns the leaves ; the first he lights upon,
 Is the *true service* *Mordēcay* had done :
 Heav'n often works his ends, at such a season,
 When *Man* has will to banish sense, and *Reason* :
 His loyal service must be now recall'd
 To blest remembrance ; *Haman* must be call'd
 To Councel ; question'd, but not know the thing
 The King intends ; He must advise the King
 What *Ceremony* must be us'd, what *Cost*,
 What *Honour*, where the King shall honour most ;
 Observe but in the *Progress* of this *Story*,
 How God turns *Factor* for his *Servants* *Glory* :
Haman perswaded that such *Honour* can
 Fit none but him ; ne'r questions, *Who's the Man* ;
 His

His more ambitious thoughts are now providing
 A Horse of State, for his own Princely riding;
 In brief; his Judgment is that such a One,
 Must lack no Honour, but the Royal Throne:
 How apt is Man to flatter his own Heart!
 How fair a Debter to his false desert!
 The royal Horse is ready, all things fir,
 That could be broach'd by a vain-glorious Wit:
 Haman expects his answer; His Ambition
 Spurs on, wants nothing but his large Commission:
 Haman must hast with all the speed he can,
 And see it done: But Mordicay's the Man.
 God often crowns his Servants at their Cost,
 That hate their persons, and disdain them most:
 Lord, if thou please to make me be thine own,
 I shall have Honour, spight of Honour's frown.

XLV. On Job's Temptations.

GOD questions Satan; Boasts his Job's desert;
 In the perfection of a Simple Heart;
 Job's Faith was fervent; Satan was as chill
 To yeild it; but must yeild against his Will;
 Condemns it to be Servile, to be bought
 With Gods own Coin? Does Job serve God for nought?
 It is a common trick the Tempter uses,
 The Faith he cannot conquer he abuses.
 Alas! that Faith requires not so much praise,
 'Tis a good Faith, as Faith's go now adays.
 Is it not strengthen'd by thy indulgent Hand,
 That blest is Labours, and inrich't his Land?
 Puff out the Fire; his Faith will quickly chill;
 Satan puff thou; nay Satan puff thy will;
 Nor Ebb nor Flood of small, or great Estate,
 Are certain Badges of God's Love, or Hate;

What

What's now to do? Poor *Job* must be bereaven
 Of all his stronger *Herd*s; *Fire*, sent from Heaven,
 Must burn his fruitful *Flock*s, that none remain;
 His *Houses* fall; and all his *Children* slain;
 And yet not curse; Alas, poore *Job* addresses
 His thoughts to heav'n; he worships God & blesses:
The lively Faith that can retain her God,
May groan; but seldom rave beneath the Rod.
 But what says Satan now? The *Hedge* is broke,
 That fenc'd my *Servant Job*; What further *Cloak*
 For his uprightness hath he? what *Pretence*
 For his continued Love and Innocence?
 Has not thy Malice had her own desire?
 'Twas soundly puff'd; Thy Puffs have blown the fire.
God's Tryals are like Bellows; Satan's Blower
blowes out false Faiths, makes true ones blaze the more.
 True, Lord; His *Faith* is tough; But *Snails* as well
 Can thrive without, as live within their Shell.
 To save a Life who would not lose some Skin?
 Touch but his *Horns*, O how hee'l draw them in!
 Satan, I give thy Malice leave, be free
 To peel the Bark, but spare to touch the Tree.
Fear not ye little Flock; The greatest ill
Your Foes can do's to scratch; They cannot kill.
 What now's th'exploit? Afflicted *Job* does lye
 A very *Hospital* of Misery;
 I think that all the *Ulcers* that have bin
 In Egypt cur'd are broken out again
 In his distempered Flesh; yet *Job* is still
 The very same, nor charg'd his God with ill;
A Faith that lodges in a double Brest,
May stand the touch; None but true Faiths the Test;
 If these be *Flames* poor Man must swelter in,
 He need a *World* a patience, not to Sin.

XLVI. On bauling Currs.

I Fear'd the World and I were too acquainted ;
I hope my Fears are like her Joys, but painted ;
Had I not been a Stranger, as I past,
Her bauling Currs had never bark'd so fast.

XLVII. On David.

Stands it with State, that Princely David, who
Did wear the Crown, should play the Harper too ?
He plays and sings ; His glory ne'r disdains
To Dance, and to receive a Crown for's pains ;
'Tis no diparagement, 'tis no misprision
Of State, to play before the Great Musitian.

XLVIII. On Abraham.

The word is out, Poor Abr'ham must be gon ;
Must take his Isaac ; take his only Son ;
The Son of his Affection ; him from whom,
From whose blest loyns so many Kings must come ;
Ev'n him must Abr'ham slay, Abr'ham must rise,
And offer Isaac a burnt Sacrifice.
God scorns the Offals of our faint desires ;
He gives the best, and he the best requires.
Abr'ham forbears to question ; thinks not good
To reason, to advise with Flesh and Blood ;
Begg that young Isaacs life, nor goes about
To object the Law of Murther ; makes no doubt,
He rises, rises Early ; leads his Son ;
Hasts where this holy Slaughter must be done ;
Where God bids Go, that very Breath's a Warrant ;
We must not linger there Hast crowns the Errant.
His Servants must no further ; They must stay ;
Private Devotion claims a private Way ;

They

They must abide with th' *Ass*, whilst th' aged *Syre*
 In t'one Hand takes the *Knife*; in t'other, *Fire*;
 The sacred *Wood* of *Offring* must be pil'd
 On the young *Shoulders* of th' obedient *Child*;
 O here mine *Eye* must spend a *Tear* to see
 Thee bear that *Wood*, great *God*, that, since, bore Thee;
 Mistrustless *Isaac* seeing the *Wood*, the *Fire*,
 The *sacrificing Knife*, begins t'enquire,
 But where's the *Sacred Lamb*, that must be slain?
 Resolved *Abra'm* (lest the *flesh* should gain
 Too much of *Nature*) lays not, Thou my *Son*
 Art he; but, The *Almighty* will provide us one;
 Where *God* commands, 'tis not enough t' effect,
 But we must baulk th' occasion of neglect.
 The faithful *Abra'm* now erects an *Altar*;
 Orders the *Wood*; what *Tongue* can chuse but falter
 To tell the rest? He lays his *Hands* upon
 His wondring *Isaac*, binds his only *Son*;
 He lays him down, unsheath's his *Priestly Knife*;
 Up-heaves his *Arm*, to take his *Isaac's Life*.
 True *Faith* is *Active*; Covets to proceed
 From *Thought* to *Action*; and from *Will* to *Deed*;
 Before the strengthened stroke had time to fall,
 A *Sudden voice* from *Heav'n* cries hold; Recall
 Thy threatening *Arm*, and sheath thy holy *Knife*,
 Thy *Faith* has answer'd for thy *Isaac's Life*;
 Touch not the *Child*; thy *Faith* is thoroughly shown,
 That has not spar'd thine own, thine only *Son*;
 How easie is our *God*, and liberal, who
 Counts it as done, what we have will to do!

XLIX. On Censorio.

Censorio takes in Hand, by sharp reproof,
 To mend his *Brothers* error, and to Snuff

His

His darkned Flame ; and yet *Censorio's Crimes*
 Are rankt among the foulest of the Times.
 Let none presume, *Censorio*, to controule
 Or top the dim light of another's Soul ;
 If not more pure than him, that is is controll'd ;
The Temple-Snuffers must be perfect Gold.

L. On Mordecay and Haman.

TWO Steeds appointed were by *Haman's Hand* ;
 The one at *Grass* ; the other Steed did stand
 In *Persia's Mues* ; The former was providing
 For *Mordecay* ; the last for *Haman's riding* :
 But since, in order, last things prove the worst,
Haman's ambition drove him to the first.
 But see, proud *Haman's prouder Steed* did cast
 His glorious rider, whilst the *Jew* sits fast.
 What matter *Haman* ? *Fortune*, tho' no Friend
 Of thine, first brought thee to thy *Journeys end* :

LI. On Three Fools.

THE wise Man says, *It is a wise Man's part*,
 To keep his Tongue close pris'ner in his Heart ;
 If he be then a Fool, whose thought denies,
There is a God, how disp'rately unwise,
 How more than Fool is he, whose language shall
 Proclaim in publick, *There's no God at all* !
 What then are they, nay Fools, in what degree,
 Whose Actions shall maintain't ? *Such Fools are we*.

LII. On miserable Man.

ADAM, the highest pitch of perfect Nature,
 And lively Image of his great Creator,
 Declin'd his God ; and by one sinful Deed
 Destroy'd himself, and ruin'd all his Seed.
 How wretched, then, how desp'rate's our Condition,
 Whose ev'ry minute makes a Repetition
 Of greater Sins, against both light of Nature,
 And Grace, against Creation and Creator !

A!a! we claim not by *descent*, alone;
 But add by hourly purchase of our own:
 There is no *breach* of Loyalty, no Sin
 We are imperfect, and unpractis'd in;
 Shall not a World of Sins, bring ruin, then,
 To One; when one Sin slew a world of Men?

LIII. On Man's two Enemies.

TWO potent Enemies attend on Man;
 T'one's fat and plump, the other lean and wan;
 T'one fauns and smiles; the other weeps as fast;
 The first *Presumption* is; *Despair*, the last.
 That feeds upon the Bounty of full Treasure;
 Brings jolly news of Peace, and lasting Pleasure:
 This feeds on want, unapt to entertain
 God's Blessings; finds them ever in the vain:
 Their *Maxims* disagree; But their *Conclusion*
 Is the self-same; Both jump in Man's Confusion:
 Lord, keep me from the first, or else, I shall
 Soar up and melt my waxen Wings, and fall.
 Lord, keep the second from me, lest I, then,
 Sink down so low, I never rise again.
 Teach me to know my self, and what I am,
 And my *Presumption* will be turn'd to shame.
 Give me true Faith, to know thy dying Son,
 What Ground has then *Despair* to work upon?
 T'avoid my shipwrack upon either Shelf,
 O, teach me, Lord, to know my God, my self.

LIV. On Queen Ester.

ILLUSTRIOUS Princess, had thy chance not been
 To be a *Captive*, thou hadst been no Queen:
 Such is the Fortune, our Misfortune brings;
 Had we not first bin Slaves, w'ad ne'r been Kings

LV. On Slanders.

HAVE Sland'rous Tongues been busie to defame
 The pretious Oyntment of my better Name?

Or hath censorious baseness gone about
 With her rude blast to puff my *Taper* out ?
 They have : And let their full mouth'd bellows puff :
 It is their *Breath* that stinks, and not my *Snuff* :
 I let them snarle and burst, that I may smile,
 Do, let them jerk, and I will laugh the while :
 They cannot strike beyond my patience ; No,
 I'll bear, and take it for an *Honour* too ;
 The height that my *Ambition* shall flie,
 Is only to deserve their *Calumny* :
 O, what a Judgment 'twere, if such as they
 Should but allow my *Actions*, and betray
 My endanger'd *Name*, by their malign applause,
 To good *Opinion*, that were a just Cause
 Of *Grief* indeed ! but to be made the Story
 Of such base Tongues, it is my *Crown* my *Glory* :
 I, let them spend their *Dust* against the Wind,
 And bark against the *Moon*, till they be Blind,
 And weary ; Let their malice not forbear
 To bawl at *Innocence*, to wound and tear
 An absent *Name*, whilst their unhallowed Tongues
 Make me a glorious *Martyr* in their wrongs :
 I beg no Favour : Nay, my hearts desire
 Is still to be *Calcin'd* by such a Fire :
 That in conclusion, all Men may behold
 A fair gilt *Counter*, from a *Crown of Gold*.
 Great God, I care not this, how foul I seem
 To *Man* ; May I be fair in thy *Esteem* :
 It matters not how *Light* I seem to be
 To the base World, so I be weight to thee.

LVI. On Nabuchadnezzar.

What luckless Accident hath bred such odds
 Betwixt great *Babel's Monarch*, and his *Gods*,
 That they so oft disturb him, and affright
 His broken *Numbers* with the *Dreams of Night* !

Alas, what hath this Princely *Dreamer* done,
 That he must quit the *Glory* of his Throne,
 His Royal *Scepter*, his Imperial *Crown*?
 Must be expel'd his *Honour*, and come down
 Below the meanest *Slave*, and for a Season
 Be banisht from the use, the Act of *Reason*?
 Must be exil'd from *Human shape*, and chew
 The Cud, and must be moisted with the Dew
 Of Heav'n; Nay, they differ no other Thing
 From the brut *Beast*, but that *he was a King*?
 What aile thy Gods, that they are turn'd so rough,
 So full of rage? what, had they meat enough?
 To fill their golden *Stomachs*? was thy Knee
 Bent oft enough? what might the reason be?
 Alas, poor harmless Things! it was not they;
 'Twas not their Wills: I dare be bold to say,
 They knew it not: It was not they that did it;
 They had no pow'r to *Act*, or to *Forbid* it:
 Deserv'st thou not, Great King, the stile of *Beast*,
 To serve such Gods, whose Deities can digest
 Their servants open wrongs? that could dispense
 With what they endure, without the least offence;
 Illustrious *Beast*, methinks thy better'd State
 His no great reason to complain of *Fate*:
 Thou art more near to him thou didst adore,
 By one *Degree*, then ere thou wert before:
 'Tis some promotion; That there is less odds
 Betwixt thy *Nature*, and thy *sensless Gods*.

LVII. On Partio.

HAST thou forsaken all thy *Sins*, but One?
 Believe it *Partio*, Th'ast forsaken *None*.

LVIII. On Ignorance.

THe greatest *Friend Religion* hath r'advance
 Her glory's unaffected *Ignorance*:

The burning *Taper* lends the fairest light,
And shines most glorious in the shades of Night.

LIX. On a great Battle.

When my rebellious *Flesh* doth disagree
With my resisting *Spirit*, methinks I see
Two mighty Princes draw into the *Field*,
Where one must win the *Day*; the other yeild:
They both prepare; Both strike up their *Alarms*?
Both march; Both well appointed in their *Armes*;
They both advance their *Banners*: T'one Displays
A *Bloody Cross*: The other Colours blaze
A *Globe Terrestrial*: *Nature* carries one,
And *Grace* the other: Each by's *Ensign*'s known:
They meet, encounter, *Blowes* exchange for *Bowes*;
Dart is return'd for Dart: They grapple Close:
Their Fortunes hurried with unequal *Sails*,
Sometimes the *Cross*; sometimes the *Globe* prevails.
We are that *Field*; and they that strive to win us,
Are *God* and *Satan*; those that war within us,
The *Flesh*, the *Spirit*: No parting of the *Fray*,
Till one shall win the other lose the *Day*:
My God, O weaken this rebellious *Flesh*,
That dares oppose! O quicken and refresh
My dull and Coward *Spirit*, that would yeild,
And make proud *Satan* Master of the *Field*; (good
Dear Lord, the *Field*'s thy own; thou thoughtst it
To purchas't with my dying Saviours *Blood*:
Tis thine, Great God, by *Title* and by *Right*;
Why should thou question, what's thy own by fight?
Lord, keep possession thou, and let th' accurst
And base *Usurper* do his Best, his Worst.

LX. On the World.

The World's an *Inn*; and I, her *Guest*,
I Eat, I Drink, I take my Rest:

My *Hostess* Nature, do's deny me
 Nothing wherewith she can supply me:
 Where, having stay'd a while I pay
 Her *lavish Bills*, and go my way.

LXI. *On the Sabbath.*

A Way my *Thoughts*; away my *Words*, my *Deeds*;
 Away what ever nourishes and feeds
 My frail *Delights*; Presume not to approach
 Into my presence; dare not once t'encroach
 Upon the hallowed *Temple* of my Soul;
 Ye are not for this *Day*, y'are all too foul:
 Abide ye with the *Ass*, till I go yonder,
 And cleave the *Isaac* of my Heart in sunder.
 I must go sacrifice; I must go pray,
 I must perform my holy *Vows*, to day.
 Tempt not my tender *Frailty*; I enjoyn
 Your needful absence; y'are no longer mine:
 But if it may not be, that we must sever
 Our yoked *Affections*, and not part for ever;
 Yet give me leave, without offence, to borrow;
 At least, this day, although we meet to-morrow.

LXII. *On Prayer.*

I N all our Prayers, th'Aimighty do's regard
 The Judgment of the *Ballance*, not the *Yard*.
 He loves not *Words*, but *Matter*; 'Tis his pleasure
 To buy his Wares by *Weight*, and not by *Measure*.

LXIII. *On Fido.*

F Indst thou no Comfort on this fickle *Earth*?
 No Joy at all? No *Object* for thy Mirth?
 Nothing but *Sorrow*? Nothing else, but *Toyle*?
 What, do thy days shew nothing, worth a *smile*?
 Do worldly pleasures no contentment give?
 Content thee, *Fido*, Th'ast not long to Live.

LXIV. *On Charissa.*

W ouldst thou, *Charissa*, with thy *Fortunes* better
 Then by thy *Act*, to make thy *God* thy *Detter*
 I'll

I'll reach thee how to do't; *Relieve the poor,*
And thou mayst safely set it on God's Score.

LXV. On Raymond Sebund.

I Wonder, *Raymond*, thy illustrious Wit,
Strengthened with so much *Learning*, could come
So great a Folly, as to go about, (wit
By Nature's feeble Light, to blazen out
Such Heav'n-bred *Mist'rys*, which the Hearts of Men
Cannot conceive, much less the darkned *Pen*
Express; such secrets, at whose depth, the Quire
Of blessed Angels tremble, and admire:
Could thy vain-glory lend no easier Task
To thy sublime *Attempt*, than to unmask
The glorious *Trinity*, whose Tri-une Face
Was ne'r discovered by the eye of *Grace*,
Much less by th'eye of *Nature*, being a Story
Objected only to the Eye of *Glory*?
Put out thy light, bold *Raymond*, and be wise;
Silence thy Tongue, and close thy ambitious Eyes:
Such heights as these, are Subjects far more fit
For holy *Admiration*, then for *Wit*.

LXVI. On Sins.

MY Sins are like the *Hairs* upon my Head,
And raise their *Audit* to as high a score;
In this they differ; *These* do daily shed,
But, ah, my Sins grow daily more and more.
If, by my *Hairs*, thou number out my *Sins*,
Heav'n make me bald, before that day begins.

LXVII. On the Gospel.

OUR Gospel thrives the more by foreign *Farrs*;
It overcomes in outward *opposition*:
But O, it suffers still, in Civil Wars,
And loses Honour by a *home-division*;
If thou assist, I care not, Lord, with whom
I War *Abroad*, so I have peace at home.

LXVIII. *On the Days of Man.*

LORD, if our days be few, why do we spend
 And lavish them unto so evil an end?
 Lord, if our days be evil, why do we wrong
 Our selves, and Thee, so with our *Day* so long?
 Our *Days* decrease; but, still, our *Evils* renew;
 Great God, we make them *evil*; Thou mak'st them

LXIX. *On Sins.*

(few.

MY Sins are like the *Sands* upon the shore;
 Which every *Ebb* lays open to the Eye:
 In this they differ; *These* are cover'd ore
 With ev'ry *Flood*; My *Sins* still upon lye:
 If thou wilt make mine *Eyes* a *Sea of Tears*,
 O, they will hide the *Sins* of all my *Tears*.

LXX. *On Cain and David.*

THEIR Sins were equal; Equal was their *Guilt*;
 They both committed *Homicide*; Both spilt
 Their *Brothers* guiltless *Blood*; Nay, of the twain,
 The first occasion was less foul, in *Cain*:
 'Twas likely that *Cain's* Murder was in *heat*
 Of *Blood*; There was no former *grudge*, no *threat*.
 But *David's* was a *Plot*; He took the *Life*
 Of poor *Uriah*, to enjoy his *Wife*.
 Was *Justice* equal? Was her *Ballance* even?
Cain was punish'd; *David* was forgiven.
 Both came to *Trial*; But good *David* did
 Confess that *Sin*, which curst *Kain* did hide.
Cain bewail'd the punishment, wherein,
 His *Sin* had plung'd him: *David* wails his *Sin*.
 If I lament my *Sins*; Thou wilt forbear
 To punish, Lord; or give me strength, to bear.

LXXI. *On Paulus.*

PLAUSUS of late, hath rais'd an *Hospital*;
 Repair'd a *Church*; Founded a *College Hall*.
Paulus hath built a holy *Temple*; vow'd it
 To *God*: Erects a *School*, and has endow'd it.

Paulus

Plausus hath given, through his abundant Pity,
A *Spittle* to the blind, and lame o'h' City.
Plausus allowes a *Table* for the poor
O'h' Parish; besides thole, he feeds at door:
Plausus relieves the Prisons; mends the Ways;
Maintains a *Lecture* on the *Market-days*.
Plausus, in brief, for bounty bears the *Bell*;
Plausus has done much *Good*; but nothing *Well*.

LXXII. On Sins.

MY Sins are like the *Stars*, within the *Skys*;
In view, in number, ev'n as bright, as great:
In this they differ; *These* do set and rise;
But ah, my Sins do rise, but never set,
Shine *Son of Glory*, and my Sins are gone,
Like twinkling *Stars*, before the rising *Sun*.

LXXIII. On change of Weathers.

AND were it for thy Profit, to obtain
All *Sunshine*? No vicissitude of *Rain*?
Think thou; that thy laborious *Plough* requires
Not *Winter Frosts*; as well as *Summer Fires*?
There must be both: Sometimes these hearts of ours
Must have the sweet, the seasonable *Showers*
Of *Tears*; Sometimes, the Frost of chill *despair*
Makes our desired *sun shine* seem more fair;
Weathers that most oppole to *Flesh and Blood*,
Are such as help to make our *Harvest* good:
We may not choose, *Great God*; it is thy *Task*:
We know not what to have; nor how to ask.

LXXIV. On Prosper.

TAKE heed, thou prosp'rous *Sinner*, how thou liv'st
In Sin, and thrive'st;
Thou, that dost flourish in thy *heaps of Gold*,
And sums untold;
Thou, that hadst never reason to complain
Of *Cross*, or *Pain*.

Whose

Whose unafflicted Conscience never found
Nor Check, nor Wound.

Believe it, *Prosper*, thy deceitful Lease
Allows thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*;
The golden *heaps* are nothing but the price
Of *Paradise*;

Thy *Flattering Pleasures*, and thy airy *Joy*s,
But painted *Toys*;

Thy peaceful Conscience, is but like a *Dog*,
Tied in a *Clog*.

Believe it, *Prosper*, thy deceitful Lease
Allows thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.

Thy *heaps* of *Gold* will stand thee in no stead,
At greatest need;

Thy *Empty Pleasures*, will convert thy laughter,
To *groans* hereafter.

Thy silent Conscience, when enlarg'd, will roar,
And rage the more:

Believe it, *Prosper*, thy deceitful Lease,
Affords thee neither *Wealth*, nor *Joy*, nor *Peace*.

LXXV. On the Sight of a Plague Bill.

Five thousand in a Week, in one poor City?
Because it was thy *Pleasure*, 'twas no pity;
Why should thou pity us, Just God, when we
Could never find a time to pity thee?
Thou never strik'st without a reason why,
Nor often, then: We easily cast our Eye
Upon the *punishment*, but blind toth' *Sin*,
That far transcends the *Judgment* it calls in:
O, if the Weekly Bills of our Transgression
Could but appear, and make as deep impression
In our sad Hearts, to make our Hearts but know
As great a Sorrow, as our *Plague-bills* do;
No doubt, no doubt but Heav'n's avenging Hand
Would turn a Stranger to our prosperous Land,

O, if that weekly *Catalogue* of Sin
Could, with our City *Bills* be brought but in;
And be compar'd, we'd think our *Bills* not high,
But rather wonder there are Men, to dye.

LXXVI. On Theaters.

SIX Days were made for *Work*; the seventh, for *rest*;
I read of none, that Heav'n ordaind for *Play*;
How have our looser *Theaters* transgress
The *Decalogue*, that make it ev'ry Day: (shame,
Merbinks that they should change their Trade for
Or honour'd with a more laborious name.

LXXVII. On Players and Ballad-mongers.

OUR merry Ballads, and lascivious Plays
Are much alike: To common censure, both
Do stand or fall: T'one *sings*; the other *says*;
And both are *Fripp'ries* of anothers Froth.
In short; They'r *Priest* and *Clark* of *Belial's* Altar;
T'one makes the *Sermon*; T'other tunes the *Psalter*.

LXXVIII. On God and the King.

OUR God and Prince (whom God for ever bless)
Are both, in Mercy, of a *Constitution*;
Both slow, till meer necessity shall press,
To put their *penal Laws* in execution:
And mark, how in a like success they join;
At both we *grumble*; and at both, *repine*.

LXXIX. On the Life and Death of Man.

THE life of Man is but th'imperfect Story
Of his *Adventure*, towards future Glory;
For *Death* to finish: Who will stick to say,
A glorious *Ev'n* foretels a glorious Day?

LXXX. On Fox.

Here was a time, (wo-worth that heavy time)
When ray'nous *Foxes* did devour the prime
And

And choice of all our *Lambs* : But Heav'n did raise
 A more ingenuous Fox, in after Days,
 Whose high immortal *Pent* redeem'd their Breath,
 And made those *Lambs* revive, in spite of Death:
 To see, how mutual Sainly Favours be !
 Thou gav'st them life, that now give life to thee.

LXXXI. On the Book of Common Prayer.

THE Book of *Common Pray'r* excels the rest;
 For Pray'rs that are most *Common* are the best.

LXXXII, To Mundano.

WOULDst thou *Mundano*, prove too great, too strong
 For peevish *Fortunes* angry Brow to wrong?
 Renounce her Power : Banish *Fortune* hence,
 And trust thee to the hands of *Providence* ;
 The poorest heart that ever did importune
 Heav'n's ayd, is far above the frowns of *Fortune*.

LXXXIII. On Rome's Sacrifices.

IT cannot be excus'd : It is a wrong
 Proceeding from a too-too partial Tongue,
 To say, The profer'd Service of false *Rome*
 Had no good savor, and did never come
 Toth' *Gates* of Heav'n ; Fye, poor *Rome's* belyd ;
 For when our *Troops* of glorious Martyrs dy'd,
 In that warm *Age*, who were their *Priests* ? By whom
 Was their blood shed ? Was't not by holy *Rome* ?
 Such sweet Perfumes, I dare be bold to say,
Rome never burnt before, nor since that Day :
 A sweeter *Incense*, save his dying Son,
 Heav'n ne'er accepted since this World begun.

LXXXIV. On a dead Man.

IT is a common use to entertain
 The knowledge of a great Man, by his *Train* :
 How great's the *dead man* then ? There's none that be
 So backt with troops of *Followers*, as He, Such

LXXXV. On Corner Sinners.

Such Men are like to Owles ; They take Delight
To make the night their day ; their day, the night
They hate the Sun, and love dark corners best ;
But they shall house, when *Day-birds* are at rest.

LXXXVI. On the Kite.

Mark but the soaring *Kite* ; and she will read
Brave rules for Diet ; teach thee how to feed
She flies aloft ; She spreads her airy pines
Above the reach, above the nautilus fumes
Of dang'rous *Earth* ; She makes her self a strange
T' inferior Things, and checks at ev'ry *Danger* ;
At length, she stoops ; and with a brave disdain,
She strikes her *Prey*, and mounts her up again ;
By her example, learn to use the *Earth*,
And thou shalt find less *Mischief*, and more *Mirth*.

LXXXVII. On Formio.

Formio bewail's his *Sins*, with the same Heart,
As *Friends* do *Friends*, when they'r about to part ;
Believe it, *Formio* will not entertain
A merry *Thought*, untill they meet again.

LXXXVIII. On Bosom Sins.

How loath is *Flesh*, to yeild ! the *Spirit*, to win
The glorious Conquest of a *Bosom Sin* !
O, how th' ingenious *Flesh* will plead ! abuse
The height of *Wit*, to argue, or excuse :
At length, it yeilds : O give it leave to stay
A Year, a Month ; a Week ; at least a Day ;
And if not so, yet let my breaking Heart
But hugg it once or twice, before we part ;
Let me but take my leave, my *Thoughts* shall bind me
From the least touch ; let me but look behind me :
Nay *Sin*, *Gehezi-like* will have a blow
At censed *Naaman's* bounty, ere she go.

LXXXIX. On the Eccho.

AN Eccho's nothing, but a forc'd rebound,
 Or airy repercussion of a Sound,
 Proceeding from some hollow Place, well known
 To have no Bulk, no Being of her own :
 It is no Substance ; nothing, but a Noise ;
 An empty sound ; the picture of a Voice :
 Such is my Courtly Friend, At my request,
 He'll breath his service from his hollow Brest,
 And Eccho-like for every word that's blown
 Into his Ears, returns me Two, for One ;
 But when they come to th' Test, alas they'r found
 More light than Air, meer shadows of a Sound ;
 I'll trust my God ; His bountry still affords
 As many Deeds, as my false Friends do Words.

XC. On a Water-Mill.

THe formal Christian's like a Water-Mill :
 Until the Floodgate's open, he lyes still ;
 He cannot work at all ; he cannot Dream
 Of going : till his wheels shall find the Stream.

XCI. On Paul and Apollos.

Is not, what this Man, or what that Man saith,
 Brings the least Stone, toth' building of my Faith ;
 My Ear may ramble, but my Conscience follows
 No Man : I'm neither Paul's, nor yet Apollo's :
 When Scripture Gold, lyes by me, is it just
 To take up my Salvation, upon Trust ?
 My Faith shall be confin'd to no Mans Lists ;
 I'll only follow Paul, as Paul is Christ's.

XCII. On Morus.

IF a poor timorous Have but cross the way,
 Morus will keep his chamber all the Day ;
 What Evil protends it, Morus ? It does show,
 That Morus is not Wise, for thinking so.

But

But *Morus* keeps his *Chamber*: There will be,
Morus, one Fool the less abroad by Thee.

XCIII. On some Faiths.

SOME Faiths are like those *Mills*, that cannot grind
 Their *Corn*, unless they work against the *Wind*.

XCIV. On the Temporizer.

HE seems to be a *Man of War*; his sail
 Being fill'd and prosper'd with a foreright *Gale*
 Makes speedy way; and with her *Keel* divides
 The sparkling furrows of the swelling *Tides*;
 Or if the wind should slack, or cease the blow,
 Can make and shift to *Tide* it to and fro;
 But if it prove a *Storm*, or the wind cross,
 His wavering *Bottom* soon begins to toss
 Upon the troubled *Waves*, without regard
 Of either *Stear*, or yet the *sea-mans Card*;
 His prouder *Courage* quails, and the rough weather
 Transports his wandring *Keel*, he knows not whither
 Till, after many a ruin-threatening knock,
 He's over-whelm'd or split upon a *Rock*.

XCV. On our Sins.

IT is an Errour even as *Foul*, to call
 Our sins too *Great* for pardon, as too *Small*.

XCVI. On a Hypocrite.

HE's like a *Christmas Candle*, whose good name
 Crowns his fair actions with a glorious *flame*;
 Burns clear and bright, and leaves no ground for doubt
 To question, but he stinks at going out:
 When Death puffs out his *Flame*, the snuff will tell
 If he were *Wax* or *Tallow* by the smell:

XCVII. On secret Whore-Mongers.

HE that at *Secrets*, shall compose his aim,
 Is like the *Flie* that sports about the *Flame*;

He never leaves to buzz, untill he brings
 Himself to ruin, or at least, his wings:
 And like a de'prate Fly, though he has been
 Once scorcht, he'l venture at the Flame again.

XCVIII. On a Flie.

THe Sun delighting Flie, repaires, at first
 To the full Cup, only to quench her thirst;
 But oftentimes, she sports about the Brink,
 And sips so long till she be drown'd in Drink:
 When wanton leisure shall present thine Eye
 With lavish Cups, Remember but the Flie.

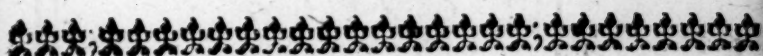
XCIX. On Scripture and Apocrypha.

When as the Scripture opens to mine Eyes,
 I see my Lord in's Bed: But when I meet
 Th' Apocrypha at th' end, methinks it lyes,
 Like his well count'nanc'd Page, at the Beds feet;
 Who wears his Lords old Cloths, made less and says
 His own Inventions in his Masters Phrase.

C. To my Book.

Here comes a Critick; Close thy Page
 Thou art no Subject for this Age:
 And censure, oftentimes, ye know,
 Will strike the Dove, and spare the Crow:
 But hold; Thy Guilt does not require
 That thou shouldst lurke, or yet retire?
 Be open as the Eye of Noon:
 And let Dogs bark against the Moon;
 Thou hast no Luster of thy own,
 But what's deriv'd from Heav'n alone:
 Fear not: Thy Heav'n-instructed Page,
 Will either please, or teach the Age.

The end of the second Book.



D I V I N E FANCIES,

BOOK III.

I. On old Wine and new.

OLD crazy Casks are not design'd to hold
New-Wines ; nor yet new Vessels, for the *Old*;
 Old must, with Old ; and New, with New, be fill'd,
 Else will the vessels Break, and Wine be Spill'd:
 These empty Vessels are thy Heart and mine ;
 The Law and Gospel represents the Wine:
 The new's the Spirit, and the old's the Letter ;
 With reverence to the Text, *The new's the better.*

II. On Zacharias and the blessed Virgin.

HIS Tongue requir'd a Sign, which might afford
 A clearer Evidence, thn the Angels word ;
 And had it too: Untill those things shall come
 To pass, his faithless lips are stricken Dumb :
 Our blessed Virgin, at her Salutation,
 Seem'd ev'n as faithless on the self same fashion,
 Her lips reply'd: *And how can these things be ?*
 Hard Justice! why be punisht, and not she ?
 The Reason's easie to be riddled out ;
 Hers was the voice of Wonder ; His of Doubt.

III. On

III. On a Picture.

SOME Pictures, with a fore-right Eye, if seen;
 Present unto the view some beauteous Queen;
 But step aside, and it objects the shape;
 On this side, of an Owl; on that, an Ape:
 Look full upon the world, It proves the Story,
 And beauteous Picture of th' Almighty's Glory;
 But if thy change of posture lead the sight
 From the full view, toth' left Hand or the Right,
 It offers to thine Eye, but painted Toys,
 Poor Antick Pleasures, and deceitful Joys.

IV. On Servio.

SERVIO's in Law: If Servio cannot pay
 His Lawyers Fee, Servio may lose the Day;
 No wonder, formal Servio does trudge
 So oft to Church: He goes to Bribe his Judge!

V. On Peter's Cock.

THE Cock crow'd once, and Peter's careless Ear
 Could hear it, but his Eye not spend a Tear:
 The Cock crow'd twice, Peter began to creep
 To th' Fire side, but Peter could not weep:
 The Cock crow'd thrice: Our Saviour turn'd about
 And look'd on Peter; Now his Tears burst out:
 Twas not the Cock, It was our Saviours Eye,
 Till he shall give us Tears, we cannot Cry.

VI. On Ambidexter.

GOD keep my Goods, my Name, they never fall
 Into the Net of Ambidexters Laws;
 But for a Cause, he seldom prays at all;
 But curses, evermore, without a Cause:
 I'd rather have his Curses, all the Day,
 Then give his Conscience the least cause to pray.

VII. On Lazarus, the Damsel, and a Sinner.

LAZARUS come forth? why could not LAZARUS plead
 I cannot come, great God, for I am Dead

Damsel

*Damsel arise ? when Death had clos'd her Eyes:
What power had the Damsel to arise ?
Sinner Repent ? Can we as dead in sin,
As Laz'rus or the Damsel, live agin ?
Admit we could ; could we appoint the hour ?
The Voice that calls gives, and gives then the power.*

VIII. On Sin.

HOW, how am I deceived, I Thought my Bed
Had entertain'd a fair a beauteous *Bride* :
O, how were my believing Thoughts misled :
To a false *Beauty*, lying by my side !
Sweet were her *Kisses*, full of choice delight
My Fancy found no difference in the *Night*.
I thought they were true *Foys*, that thus had led
My darkned Soul, But they were false *Alarms* ;
I thought I'd had fair *Rachel* in my Bed,
But I had blear Ey'd *Leah* in my armes :
How seeming sweet is *Sin*, when cloath'd with *Night*
But when discover'd, what a loath'd Delight.

IX. On Repentance.

TIs not, to Cry *God mercy*, or to sit
And droop ; or to confess, that thou hast fail'd ;
Tis, to bewaile the sins, thou didst commit,
And not commit those sins thou hast bewail'd :
He that bewailes, and not forsakes them too,
Confesses rather what he means to do.

X. On Man.

MAN is a moving *Limbeck*, to distill
Sweet smelling waters ; wherewithal to fill
God's empty *Bottle* : Lord do thou inspire
Thy quicknig *spirit* ; Put in thy sacred *Fire* ;
And then mine Eyes shall never cease to drop
Till they have brim'd thy *Bottle*, to the Top :
I can do nothing, Lord, till thou inspire :
I'm a cold *Limbeck*, but expecting *Fire*

XI. *On the pouring out of our Hearts.*

TIs easie to *pour in*: But few, I doubt,
 Attain that curious Art, of *pouring out*:
 Some pour their Hearts, like Oyl, that there resides
 An unctious substance still, about the sides:
 Others, like Wine, which, though the substance pass
 Does leave a kind of *savour* in the Glasse;
 Some pour their Hearts like Milk, whose biew distains
 Though neither Substance, nor the *scent* remains:
 How shall we pour them, then; that *smell* nor *matter*,
 Nor colour stay? *Pour out your Hearts like Water.*

XII. *On Friends.*

GOD sheild me from those *Friends* I trust; and be
 My firm defence from such, as *trust not Thee.*

XIII. *On the Hypocrite.*

HE's like a *Bulrush*; seems so smooth that not
 The Eye of Cato can descry a Knot:
 Peel but the Bark, and strip his smoother skin,
 And thou shalt find him spongy, all within:
 His brows are always ponderous as Lead,
 He ever droops, and hangs his velvet Head:
 He washes often; but, if thou enquire
 Into his Depth, his roots are fixt in Mire.

XIV. *On SERVIO.*

SERVIO would thrive; and therefore do's obey
 God's Law, and shuts up Shop on' Sabbath day;
Servio would prosper in his home affairs
 And therefore dares not miss his Dyet Prayers.
Servio must put to Sea, and does implore;
 Toth' end, that he might safely come ashore.
Servio's in Suit, and therefore must be tyed
 To morning prayer, untill his Cause be tryed:
Servio begins to loath Single a Life,
 And therefore prays for a high portion'd Wife:

Servio

Servio would fain be thought religious too;
And therefore prays as the *Religious* do :
Servio still prays for *Profit*, or *Applause* ;
Servio will seldom pray, without a *Cause*.

XV. *On the Devil's Master-Piece.*

THIS is the height the *Devil's Art* can show;
To make Man proud, because he is not so.

XVI. *On our Saviour's Fishing.*

WHEN as our blessed Saviour took in hand
To be a *Fisher*, Mark the Rule he keeps ;
He first puts off a little from the Land ;
And, by degrees, he launch'd into the *Deeps* :
By whose example, our *Men-fishers* hold
The self same course; They do the same, or should.

XVII. *On Man's greatest Enemy.*

OF all those mortal Enemies, that take part
Against my Peace, Lord, keep me from my Heart.

XVIII. *On the Hypocrite.*

HE's like a *Reed*, that always does reside,
Like a well planted *Tree*, by th'water side;
He bears no other fruit, but a vain brag
Of formal sanctitie; A very *Flag* :
He's round, and full of substance to the show ;
But hollow-hearted, if enquir'd into :
In peaceful Seasons, when the Weather's fair,
Stands firm; but shakes, with every blast of *Air*.

XIX. *On the Holy Scriptures.*

WHY did our blessed Saviour please to break
His sacred Thoughts in *Parables*; and speak
In dark *Enigma's*? Whoso'er thou be
That findest them so, they were not spoke to Thee:
In what a case is he, that haps to run
Against a Post, and cries, *How dark's the Sun*?

Or

Or he, in Summer, that complains of *Frost* ?
 The Gospel's hid to none, but who are lost :
 The Scripture is a *Ford*, wherein, 'tis said,
 An Elephant shall *swim* ; a Lamb may *wade* ;

XX. On Man's Heart.

Nature presents my Heart in *Ore* ;
 Fair civil Carriage *gilds* it o're ;
 Which, when th'A'mightry shall behold
 With a pleas'd Eye, he brings to *Gold* :
 Thus chang'd, the Temple *Ballance* weighs it ;
 If dross remain, the *Touch* bewrays it ;
 Afflictions *Furnace*, then refines it ;
 God's holy Spirit stamps and coins it :
 No *Coin* so currant ; it will go
 For the best *Wares*, that Heav'n can show.

XXI. On Drunkenness.

Most Sins, at least, please Sense ; but this is treason
 Not only 'gainst the crown of Sense, but *Reason* ;

XXII. On a Kiss.

Ere since our blessed Saviour was betray'd
 With a *Lip-Kiss*, his Vicar is affraid :
 From whence, perchance, this common use did grow
 To kiss his tother End ; I mean his *Toe*

XXIII. On the Alchymist.

The patient *Alchymist*, whose vain desire,
 By Art, is to dessemble natures *Fire*,
 Imploys his Labour, to transmute the old,
 And baser *substance* into perfect *Gold* :
 He laughs at unbelievers, scorns and flours
 Illiterate *Counsel* ; neither cares, nor doubts
 Until, at length, by his ingenious *Itch*,
 He's brought most poor, in seeking to be rich :
 Such is the *Civil Man* ; that by his even
 And level actions hopes to merit Heaven ; (He

He thinks, by help of *Nature*, to acquire;
At least to counterfeit the Sacred Fire
Of saving *Grace*; to purge and to refresh
His base desires, and change his *stone* to *flesh* :
He spurns at Counsel; He derides and jerks
Those wining Spirits that renounce their *works* ;
Till, too much trusting to their doing well,
In seeking Heaven, they find the flames of Hell.

XXIV *On the ten Lepers.*

TEN *Lepers* clensed? And but one, of ten
Return the *Clenfer* thanks? Ungrateful Men!
But *Ten* i'th' *Hundred*? That's a Gain that we
Receive or Sue, yet oft deny it Thee.

XXV. *On the last Epigram.*

HOW, how, am I deceiv'd, that speak to thee
Of *Interest*, when the purchase was in *Fee* !
Thou mad'st a clean Conveyance to the *Ten*
And ne'r expect'st the *Principal* agen :
Lord, we must reckon by another *Rate* :
They gave but one years purchase for th' *Estate* :
Lord, how we palter with thee !, We pretend
A present *Payment*, till we obtain our *End* :
And then we crave, and crave a longer *Day*,
Then pay in *Driblets*, or else never pay.

XXVI. *On the Box of Oyntment.*

IT is no wonder, he, above the rest,
Whom *thirty pieces* tempted to betray
The Lord of *Glory* to his death, profess
The *Box of Oyntment* was but cast away :
He that dare *Murder* at so small a cost,
May eas'ly think the charge in *Burial* lost.

XXVII. *On Mary and Judas.*

MARY did kiss him : *Judas* kiss him too;
But both their aims were cover'd in a *Mist*;
Both

Both kiss our Saviour ; but their kisses do
 Differ as far as did the *Parts* they kist :
 There's danger still, where double Hearts do steal
 The form of *Love*; or wear the cloak of *Zeal*.

XXVIII. *On our Saviour and his Vicar.*

Methinks thy *Vicar Gen'ral* bears the Keys
 And executes thy *Place*, with greater ease.
 And in one *Jubile*, enjoys more mirth,
 Then thou my dying Lord, didst from thy Birth
 Alas : Thou hast not wherewithal to fill
 Thy craving Stomach : He has *Cates* at Will;
 Thy empty Coffers had not to defray
 Thy *Tribute charge*, To him Kings *Tribute* pay;
 Foxes have holes ; Thou hadst not whereupon
 To rest thy wakeful Head, he snores in *Down* :
 In short, Thy life was nothing but the Story
 Of *Poverty* ; and his, of Princely *Glory* :
 When tempting Satan would have giv'n the all
 The *Wealth* and *Glory* of the World, to fall
 And worship him at thy refusal, Lord,
 Thy Vicar took the *Tempter* at his word ;
 So came thy wants so great ; so great his store ;
 The Vicar so-so *Rich* ; the Lord so *Poor*.

XXIX. *On the great Prelate.*

Our Saviour's Feet were kist : The people do
 The very same to thee, great *Prelate* too ;
 O, who will seal but such another *Kiss*
 Upon thy *Lips*, our Saviour had on his !

XXX. *On Idolatry.*

Can common madness find a thing, that's more
 Repugnant to the very *Laws* of *Nature* ;
 That the Creator's *Image* should adore

The senseless Image of a sensual *Creature* !
 If such be Gods ; if such our helpers be
 O, what are Men ! How more then Beasts are we

XXXI. *On the Tables of Stone.*

That stony Table could receive the print
Of thy just *Laws*; Thy *Laws* were written in't :
It could be hew'd, and letters grav'n thereon;
Sure, Lord, my Heart is harder than that Stone.

XXXII. *On Man's three Enemies.*

THere's three, that with their fiery *Darts*, do level
Against my Soul, the *World*, the *Flesh*, the *Devil*.
Lord, give me patience, if not strength; For there
Are *Three* t'afflict me; I'm but *One*, to bear.

XXXIII. *On DINAH.*

When *Dinah's* careless Eye was grown too lavish
To entertain, *Sechem* found time to ravish :
It is no less than silent invitation,
Although we scorn the Sin, to give the occasion:
Sure, *Dinah's* Resolution was too strong,
Or to admit, or not resist a *Wrong*,
And scorns to stoop to the *Adult'ers* Arms ;
We often burn, intending but to warm's :
She went but out to see, Perchance, to hear
What *Lust* could say : What harm to lend an Ear ?
Another's Sin, sometimes, procures our shames :
It stains our Bodies ; or, at least, our Names.

XXXIV. *On FIDO.*

MArk, when the good Man prospers with his *Plot*,
He's envy'd still; despis'd if prosper not;
The Wicked have no peace with God ; And, then,
How canst thou, *Fido*, look t'have peace with Men?

XXXV. *On JACOB.*

How *Jacob's* troop'd : *Laban* pursues with one
Great Troop; and *Esau* meets him with another.
E Laban

Laban resolves to apprehend his Son :
 Esau, to be reveng'd upon his Brother :
 Methinks I see how Jacob stands supplide,
 Like Vertue with a Vice on either side :
 Laban pursues him, to regain his Gods :
 Esau t'avenge his Birth-right and his Blessing :
 What hope has Jacob now ? 'Twixt both, 'tis odds,
 There will be either Death or Dispossessing :
 God takes delight to turn our helper, then,
 When all our helps and hopes are past with Men.
 Laban encounters Jacob : He requires
 His Gods : And Esau's near at Hand by this :
 Laban's appeas'd and quencht are Esaus Fires :
 T'one leaves him ; T'other meets him with a Kiss,
 Jacob's in league with both : The Soul that shall
 Have peace with God, has League and peace with all.

XXXVI. On Drunkenness.

IT is a Theif, that, oft, before his Face,
 Steals Man away, and lays a Beast in's place,

XXXVII. On the Tennis-Court.

MAN is a Tennis-Court : His Flesh, the Wall :
 The Gamesters God, and Satan. Th' Heart's the Ball
 The higher and the lower Hazards are
 Too bold Presumption, and too base Despair :
 The Rackets, which our restless Balls make flie,
 Adversity and sweet Prosperity :
 The Angels keep the Court, and mark the place,
 Where the Ball falls, and chalk out ev'ry Chace :
 The Line's a Civill Life, we often cross,
 Ore which, the Ball not flying makes a Loss :
 Detractors are like Standers-by, that bett
 With Charitable Men : Our Life's the Sett ;
 Lord, In this Conflict, and in these fierce Assaults,
 Laborious Satan makes a world of Faults ;
 Forgive

Forgive them Lord, although he ne'r implore
For favour: They'l be set upon our *score*:
O, take the *Ball*, before it come to th' ground,
For this base *Court* has many a *false Rebound*:
Strike, and strike hard, but strike above the *Line*:
Strike where thou please, so as the *Set* be thine.

XXXVIII. *On Abel's Blood.*

A Bel was silent, but his *Blood* was strong,
Each drop of guiltless *Blood* commands a *Tongue*,
A *Tongue*, that cries; 'Tis not a *Tongue* implores
For gentle *Audience*, 'Tis a *Tongue* that roars
For hideous *Vengeance*: 'Tis a *Tongue* that's bold
And full of *Courage*, and that cannot hold:
O, what a noise my Blessed Saviours *Blood*
Makes now in *Heav'n*! how strong it cries! how loud!
But not for *Vengeance*: From his side, has sprung
A world of *Drops*; from ev'ry *Drop*, a *Tongue*.

XXXIX. *On the Memory.*

Does thy corrected Frailty still complain
Of thy disloyal *Mem'ry*? do'st retain
Nothing that's Good? and is the better part
Of what thou hear'st, before it warm thy *Heart*?
Snatcht from thy false *Remembrance*? Is the most
Of what th' inspired *Prophets* tell thee, lost
In thy unhospitable *Ears*? And not
To be recall'd? Quite buried? Quite forgot?
Fear not: Thou hast a *Chan'el* in thy *Breast*,
That keeps th' *Exchequer*, and boards up the least,
The poorest *Sum*: No, no, thou needst not fear,
There's nothing will be lost that's taken there:
Thinkst thou, that thou hast lost that piece of *Gold*
That's dropt into a fairer *Heap* untold?
Or canst thou judge that *Fire* clos'd about
With rak'd up *Embers*, 'cause not seen, is out?

Gold, lost in greater sums, is still thine own ;
 And rak'd up Embers will, in time, be blown
 To Flames : Believe't the Words thine Ears have lost,
 Thy Heart will find, when thou shalt need them most.

XL. On Babel's Builders

SURE, if those Babel-Builders had thought good
 To raise their heav'n-high Tower before the flood,
 The wiser sort of people might deride
 Their Folly, and that Folly had salv'd their Pride;
 Or had their Faiths but enterpriz'd that Plot,
 Their Hearts had finish'd what their Hands cou'd not ;
 'Twas not for Love of Heav'n: nor did they aim
 So much to raise a Building ; as a Name :
 They that by Works shall seek to make intrusion
 To Heav'n, find nothing but their own Confusion.

XLI. On ESAU and JACOB.

ESAU goes forth ; strives, with his own disquiet,
 To purchase Ven'son for his Father's Diet :
 Jacob abides at home ; and, by his Mother,
 Is taught the way, how to supplant his Brother :
 There's some that hunt, like Esau, sweat and toil,
 And seek their Blessing by their own Turmoil ;
 Whilst others crave Assistance, and bewray
 Their wiser Weakness, in a safer Way :
 O, if the Church my Mother will instruct me ;
 Make savory Meat, and cloath me, and conduct me
 Into my Fathers Armes, these Hands shall never
 Trust to the poorness of their own Endeavour :
 Bring I a Kid but of my Mothers dressing,
 'Twill please my Father, and procure my Blessing.

XLII. On several ins.

Gross Sin

IS like a Show'r, which ere we can get in
 Into our Conscience wets us to the Skin :

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Sin of Infirmary.

IS like the falling of an *April Shower* ;
'Tis often *Rain*, and *Sun-shine*, in an *Hour*.

Sin of Custom.

IS a long *Shower*, beginning with the *Light* ;
Oft-times continuing till the *Dead of Night*.

Sin of Ignorance.

IT is a hideous *Mist*, that wets amain,
Though it appear not in the form of *Rain*.

Crying Sin.

IT is a sudden *Shower*, that tares in sunder
The *Cope of Heaven* & alway comes with *Thunder*.

Sin of Delight.

IS like a feather'd shower of *Snow*, not felt,
But soaks toth' very *Skin*, when ere it melt :

Sin of Presumption.

DOes like a *Shower of Hail*, both wet and wound
With sudden *Death* : or strikes us to the *Ground*.

The Sin of Sins.

IT is a sulph'rous *Shower*, such as fell
On *Sodom*, strikes, and strikes toth' *Pit of Hell*.

XLIII. On these Showers.

Good God ! what *Weather's* here ! These souls of our
Have still the luck to travel in a *Shower* :
Lord, we are *Cold*, and piteously drencht ;
Not a dry *Thred* ; and all our *Fire's* Quencht :
Our very *Blood* is cold ; Our trembling knees
Are mutual *Andorls* ; Lord, we stand and freeze :
Alas we find small comfort from the *Eye*
Of *Heav'n* ; These show'ring *Clouds*, our *Sins* do flye

Betwixt the *Sun* and us : We dry no more,
 Than if the *Sun* had giv'n his office o'r :
 Nay Lord ; if now and then those *Beams* do chance
 To 'break upon's, and lend a feeble glance
 Upon our reeking *souls*, ere we begin
 To feel the warmth, w'are dous'd and drencht agin,
 In what a case are we ! Our nightly *Damps*
 And daily *storms*, have fil'd our *Souls* with *Cramps*,
 With wav'ring *Palseys*, and our hoarser *Tongues*
 Can do thee service, nor in *Prayers* nor *Songs* :
 Our *Zeals* are *Anguish* ; hot and cold : They be
 Extreemly hot toth' *World*, as cold to *Thee* ;
 Our *Blood* has got a *Fever* : Lord, it must
 Be set on fire with every wanton *Lust* :
 What worlds of *Mischiefs* are there, that prevail not
 Upon our fainting *Souls* ? What is't we ail not,
 That *Wet* and *Cold* can bring ? Yet have no power
 To keep us in, but dable in the *Shower* :
 Shine forth, bright *Sun* of glory ; Be as fierce,
 As these eclipsing *Clouds* are black : Disperse
 And clear them with thy stronger beams, that thus
 Dare interpose betwixt thy *Glory* and us :
 Reflect on my distempered *Soul* ; Refine
 This vap'rous *Earth*, this finfull *Flesh* of mine,
 That tho some *Drops* must fall I may have power,
 Shelter'd by thee, t'avoid the down right *Shower* ;
 O let thy dabled *Spirit* still retire
 To thee, and warm her by thy *Sacred Fire* ;
 That having ravill'd out some weary hours,
 She may arrive wheres's neither *Clouds* nor *Showers*.

XLIV. On DIVES and LAZARUS.

Did ever Judge more equally proceed
 To punish *Sin* ? so right, in kind, and nature
 Poor *Laz'rus* was refus'd a Crum of Bread ;
 And *Dives* was deny'd a Drop of Water :

Children are so oftentimes so like the Mother,
That men may eas'ly know the one, by th' other.

XLV. On two Suitors.

THE Soul is like a *Virgin* for whose Love
Two jealous Suitors strive : Both daily move
For Nuptial favour ; Both with Lovers Art,
Plead for the Conquest of the Virgins Heart :
The first, approaching knockt, and knockt agin ;
The Door being op'ned, at his entering in,
He blush'd ; and (as young bashful Lovers use)
Is more then half discouraged ere he sues :
At length, that Love, that taught him what to fear,
Gave resolution to present her Ear
With what he hop'd, and in a lovers fashion,
He oft repeats the Story of his *Passion* :
He vows his *Faith*, and the sincere perfection,
Of undissembled, and entire *Affection* ;
He sues for equal mercy from her Eye ;
And must have Love, or else for Love, must die :
His present means were short : he made profession
Of a fair *Foynture*, though but small *possession* :
And in a Word, to make his *passion* good,
He offers to deserve her with his Blood :
The other boldy enters : with the strong
And sweet-lip'd *Reth'rick* of a courtly Tongue,
Salutes his gentle Ears : his Lips discover
The amorous language of a Wanton Lover :
He smiles and fawns, and now and then lets flye
Imperious glances from his sparkling Eye ;
Bribes her more orient Neck with *Pearl* ; with *Charms*
Enclosing *Bracelets* decks her Ivory Arms ;
He boasts th' extent of his Imperial Power,
And offers Wealth and Glory for a Dower :
Berwixt them both, the Virgin stands perplext ;
The first Tale pleas'd her well, untill the next

Was told : She lik'd the one, the other. Loth
 To make a choice : She could affect them *Both* :
 The one was Jocund, full of sprightly Mirth :
 The other, better Born ; of nobler Birth :
 The second su'd in a compleater fashion :
 I, but the first shew'd deeper wounds of Passion :
 The first was sadly modest : And the last
 More rudely pleasant : His fair looks did cast
 More am'rous Fl mes : but yet the others Eye
 Did promise greater Nuptial *Loyalty* :
 The last's more Rich : yet Riches but for Life,
 Make a poor *Widow*, of a happy *Wife* :
 The first's *Estate's* but small, if not made good
 By Dearth : Fair *Jointures* comfort *Widow hood* :
 Whom shall this *Virgn* chuse ? her Thoughts approve
 The last, for present *Wealth*, the first, for *Love* :
 Both may not be enjoy'd : Her Heart must smother
 Her love to *one*, if she affect the *other* :
 Ah, silly *Virgin*, Is the Choice so hard
 In two extreams ? Can thy weak Thoughts reward
 Two so unequal, with a like Respect ?
 Knowst thou not which to slight, and which t'affect ?
 Submit to better Judgment, and advise
 With thy best *Friend* : O trust not thine own Eyes :
 This *last*, that seems so pleasant, so acute,
 Is but a *Slave*, drest in his Lord's old *Suit* :
 He brags of *Glory*, and of princely Power ;
 When he is kickt and baffled every Hour :
 The *Treasure* that he boasts is not his own,
 He basely stole it, and the *Theft* is known ;
 For which, he is arraign'd, condemn'd to th' pains
 Of *Death* ; His sentence is, to hang in *Chains* :
 His plot's to bring thee in as deep as He ;
 Believ't ; It is thy *Blood* he seeks, not *Thee* :
 The *Bribes* he gave thee, are but stoln : Fond *Girl*,
 Discard those *Bracelets*, and disclaime that *Pearl*.
 The

The first, whose oft repeated knocks did crave
 Admittance, was the Lord to that base *Slave*.
 His *Faith* is loyal, and as firm his *Vow* :
 To him, his life's not half so dear, as thou :
 That *Wealth*, that *Honour*, that dissembled *power*,
 That pleasant *Pesant* offer'd as a *Dower*.
 Is that fair Lords: Nor *peace*, nor *pow'r*, nor *wealth*
 Can any challenge from him, but by *stealth* :
 Match there, my Soul, and let thy sacred Vows
 Plight holy *Contracts* with so sweet a *Spouse* :
 His left hand's full of *Treasure* ; And his right ;
 Of *peace*, and *honour*, and unknown *delight* :
 He'll give thee *wealth* ; and in that *wealth*, content,
 For present means ? And (when thy *Glass* has spent
 Her latest Sand, that time untransitory
 Thy days) a Joynture of *Eternal Glory*.

XLVI. On the Old and New Garment.

NEW Garment being brought, who is't that would
 Not scorn to live a Pris'ner to the *Old* ?
 Yet tho' our bounteous Saviour, at his cost,
 Presents us *new*, we love the *old ones* most :
 Alas, they pinch us ! O, they fit too strait !
 They are too cumbersome ! too great a waight !
 No, no ; the *old* were too too light, too great ;
 So we have ease, we care not to be neat :
 Like tired Jades, our better wills repair
 To a foul Stable, then t'a Rode that's fair.

XLVII. On Man's Co-operation.

WE are not *Blocks* : We must expect the *Call* ;
 And, being call'd, must *move*, and *rise* withal :
 The *Voice* were needless, and as good be dumb,
 As, with the *Call*, not give the *pow'r* to come :
 Deserves he Food, that thinks it vain to gape ?
 Christ takes his *Spouse* by *Contract*, not by *Rape*.

XLVIII. *On the Old and New Tables.*

THE former *Tables* of the Law were broken,
 And left no *Monuments* of themselves, no token,
 No Sign that ever such things were: but mark,
 The *later* were kept holy in the *Ark*:
 Those *Tables* are our *Hearts*. Can we be bold
 To look for *New*, and yet not break the *Old*?
 Or can the ruins of the old find place
 In th' *Ark* of *Glory*, not repair'd by *Grace*?
 Dismount, O blessed *Moses*, and renew
 Those *Tables* thou hast broken, or make *New*.

XLIX. *On a Crucifix.*

WHY not the *Picture* of our dying Lord,
 As of a Friend? Nor *thou*, nor *that's* ador'd;
 Does not th' eternal Law command, that thou
 Shalt ev'n as well forbear to make, as bow?
 Not to so good an end? T'advance his *Passion*?
 The *Gold* being pure, what matter for the *Fashion*?
 Take heed: The purest *Gold* does often take
 Some loss, some prejudice, for the *Fashions* sake:
 Not to a *Civil* end? To garnish *Halls*?
 To deck our *Windows*? To adorn our *Walls*?
 Shew-bread must not be common: And the *Curse*
 Of holy *Oyl* admits no *Civil* use:
 No, no; the beauty of his *Picture* lies
 Within; 'Tis th' object of our *Faith*, not *Eyes*.

L. *On praying to Saints.*

NOT pray to *Saints*? Is not the *Warrant* ample,
 If backt with *Scripture*? strengthen'd with *examples*?
 Did not that swearing *Dioes* make *Complaint*
 For *Water*? was not *Abraham* a *Saint*?
 Why should reformed *Churches* then forbid it?
 'Tis true: But tell me; what was He, that did it?
 Experience

LI. On Confession.

EXperience tells, That *Agues* are about
 To wear away, when as our *Lips* break out :
 In *Spiritual Fevers*, there's the same expression
 Of Health, when *Lips* break forth into *Confession* :
 But mark : These hopeful *Symtoms* never do
 Confirm the *Ague* gone, but *fair to go* :
 They do not always work, what they portend ;
Confession profits not, *unless we mend*.

LII. On Solomon's Rejoyce.

Young Man Rejoyce : What jolly Mirth is here ?
 Let thy Heart chear thee : What delicious Chear ?
 In thy young Days ; Thy Cates will relish sweeter,
 Walk thy own ways : Thy Cares will be the fleeter :
 Please thine own Heart : Carve where it likes thee best ;
 Delight thine Eyes : And be a Joyful Guest :
 But know withal, The Day will come, whereon
 Thy Judge will doom thee for the Deeds th'ast done :
 O what a Feast ! O what a Reckning's here !
 The Cates are sweet ; The Shot's extreamly dear :
 Lord, I have been, and am a daily Guest
 (Too oft invited) at the young Man's Feast :
 The Reckning's great ; Although I cannot pay,
 I can confess, Great God, before this Day,
 I had been drag'd to the redeemless Zayle,
 Hadst thou not pleas'd t'accept my Saviour's Bail ;
 Lord, he must bear't I doubt : For I can get,
 Nor Coyn to pay, nor labour out the Debt :
 I cannot dig, my Joints are starke and lame,
 But I can beg, although I beg with Shame ;
 I have no Grace in begging ; can receive
 The first repulse : I have no Faith, to crave :
 If th'entertainments of the Feast be these ;
 Lord give me Famine ; take the Feast that please.

Take

LIII. On Bread.

Take up that bit of *Bread*: And understand,
 What 'tis thou holdest in thy careless Hand:
 Observe it with thy thoughts, and it will read thee
 An useful Lecture, ev'n as well as feed thee;
 We stir our *Lands*, or give directions how;
 But God must send a Season for the *Plough*:
 We sow our *Seed*; But sow our *Seed* in vain,
 If Heav'n deny the first, the later *Rain*; (cease
 Small proof in *Showers*, if Heav'n's pleas'd hand shall
 To bless those *Showers*, nor crown them with encrease.
 The tender *Blades* appear, before thine Eye,
 But, *unrefresh'd* by Heav'n, as soon they die:
 The infant *Ears* shoot forth, and now begin
 To corn; But God must hold his *Mildews* in.
 The *Harvest's* come; But Clouds conspire together,
 Hands cannot work, till Heav'n shall clear the *Weather*:
 At length 'tis reap'd, between the *Barn* and *Furrow*.
 How many Offices poor Man runs thorow!
 Now God has done his part; The rest we share
 To Man: His providence takes now the care.
 No; yet it is not ours: The use alone,
 Not bare possession makes the thing our own:
 Thy swelling *Barnes* have crown'd thy full desire;
 But Heav'n, when *Mows* should sweat can make them fire.
 If but the *Sheaves* are thrasht, and the heap lies
 In thy full *Garnier*. He that sent the *Flies*
 To *Pharoah's* Court, can, with as great an ease,
 Send thee more wastful *vermin* if he please:
 Perchance 'tis ground'd, kned: and what though,
 Gods *Curse* is often temper'd with the *Dough*;
 Believe't the fruits of all thy toyle is mine,
 Whill they be enjoy'd, as much as *thine*:
 But now 't has feed thee: Is thy soul at rest?
 Perchance, thy stomach's dainty to digest.

No. if Heav'ns following favour do not last
 From the first *Furrow* to the very *Tast*,
 Thy labour's lost; The *Bread* of all thy travill,
 Without that blessing, feed no more then *Gravill*.
 Now wastful Man, thou may'st repose again
 That Model of Gods *Prov'dence* and thy *pain*:
 That bit of *Bread*; And if thy Dog should fawn
 Upon thy lap, let not so dear a Pawn
 Of greater plenty be contemn'd and lost;
 Remember *how* it came, and *what* it cost.

LIV. On Faith and Reason.

TRue *Faith* and *Reason*, are the Souls two *Eyes*:
Faith evermore looks upward and discries
 Objects remote; but *Reason* can discover
 Things only neer; sees nothing that's above her;
 They are not *Matches*; Often disagree;
 And sometimes both are clos'd, and neither see:
Faith views the *Sun*; and *Reason*, but the *Shade*:
 T'one courts the *Mistress*; t'other woes the *Maid*;
 That sees the *Fire*; This, only but the *Flint*;
 The true-bred *Christian* always looks *asquint*.

LV. On Carnal Mirth.

WHO seeks to quench by help of *Carnal Friends*
 Those fiery *Errants* that the conscience sends,
 Redeems his *Peace*; but with a further *spoil*;
 Drinks in a *Fever*: quenches *Fire* with *Oyl*.
 Lord, if thou strike my *Conscience*; and that *Me*:
 I will expect, and trust no *Friend*, but *Thee*.

LVI. On Prayer.

PPrayer's like a *Vapour* fum'd from *Earth*; that flies
 To th' *Gates* of *Heav'n*: It never rots ith' *Skies*:
 If *Faith* and it be join'd, it will obtain,
 And melt into a first and later *Rain*;

If *Faith* forsake her, and they part in sunder,
It falls in *Thunderbolts*; at least, in *Thunder*.

LVII. On ANNA.

WHAT faithful *Anna* by her Tears had done
Deserv'd the double Duty of a Son;
She was a double Parent; pleas'd to doe
A double Office; bore and got by him too:
Thus *Samuel* was (It was less strange than rare)
Born of her *Body*, gotten by her *Prayer*.

LVIII. On Gift.

NO loss to give to thee, the Gift is more
Our own being giv'n great God; then 'twas be-
(fore

LIX. On my self.

IF Righteous *Ely* was not vengeance-free,
How shall I scape! He was a Saint, to me:
Nay, Lord, how would my Heart and Comfort fail,
If I should weigh thy Mercies in our Scale!

LX. On Justification and Sanctification.

LORD, thou hast promis'd, in and for thy Christ,
To sanctify where ere thou Justifi'st:
Lord, all my Evils are Justifi'd in thee;
Lord, let those Evils be sanctifi'd to me.

LXI. On Man's Love.

WHEN think we, Lord, on thee and when we do,
How feeble are our Thoughts, and sinful too
How basely do our crooked Souls engage
Themselves to Heav'n? We make thy Glory, Page
To our Salvation: Man's more servile Heart
Loves what he'd have thee, Lord, not what thou art;
This is the very best of Man; wherein
We are apt to think we merit more, than Sin,

But there's a baser *Love*: Our chief respects
Have meer relation to our own *Defects*,
Like Dogs we fawn upon our Masters *Laps*;
With dirty Feet, and only love for *Scraps*,
But there's a baser yet: We love for *fear*,
Finding, like *Cain*, more then we can bear,
And were it not for shame our Hearts would be
As warm to *Satan*, as great God to *Thee*:
But there's a baser yet: And baser none:
We love thee, to be lov'd of Man alone:
We force a *Zeal*; usurp the named of *Pure*;
That we may sin more *closely*, more *secure*,
We love thee only to abuse thee, just
As Whores loves Husbands, but to cloke their *Lust*:
How art thou Martyr'd in our lustful Fires!
How made a *Stall* to catch our wild desires!
Lord, I will love as far as lies in me,
Thee for thy *self*, and all things else in *Thee*.

LXII. On filial Love and Servile.

They'r not alike although alike appear:
T'one fears for *Love*: The other loves for *Fear*.

LXIII. On Grapes.

It is receiv'd, That seed of Grapes being sown
Brings forth *degenerate* Clusters, or else none:
But Stocks being grafted prove a fruitful Vine,
Whose pleasing *Berries* yield a generous wine;
We are thy *Vineyard*, Lord; These Grapes of ours,
By *Nature*, are degenerate and sower;
But if thou please to graft us, we shall bear
Delicious fruit; which being prest, shall cheer
The Hearts of *Angels*, and that blessed Trine
Of perfect glory with their sprightly *Wine*.

LXIV. On Joy and Grief.

LOrd, if my *Griefs* were not oppos'd with *Joy*,
 They would destroy :
 And if my *Mirth* were not allaid with *Sadness*,
 It would be Madness :
 While *this*, with *that*, or *that*, with *this* contends,
 They're both my *Friends* :
 But when these happy *Wars* do chance to cease,
 I have no peace :
 The more my earthly *Passions* do contest,
 The more my heavenly *Affections* are at rest.

LXV. On Doves and Serpents.

WE must have *Doves* and *Serpents* in our Heart,
 But how they must be marshall'd, there's the *Art*;
 They must agree, and not be far asunder ;
 The *Dove* will hold the wily *Serpent* under :
 Their natures teach what places they must keep,
 The *Dove* can Fly, the *Serpent* only Creep :

LXVI. On Christ, and our selves.

I Wish a greater knowledge, than I attain
 The knowledge of *my self* ? A greater Gain,
 Then to augment *my self* ; A greater Treasure
 Then to enjoy *my self* ; A greater Pleasure ;
 Then to content *my self* ; How slight, and vain,
 Is all self Knowledge, Pleasure, Treasure, Gain ;
 Unless my better knowledge could retrieve
 My *Christ* ; unless my better Gain could thrive
 In *Christ* ; unless my better Wealth grow rich
 In *Christ* ; unless my better Pleasure pitch
 On *Christ* ; Or else my Knowledge will proclaim
 To my own Heart how ignorant I am :
 Or else my Gain, so ill improv'd will shame
 My Trade, and shew how much declin'd I am :

Or else my Treasure will but blur my Name
 With *Bankrupt*, and divulge how poor I am ;
 Or else my Pleasures, that so much inflame
 My Thoughts will blab how full of sores I am :
 Lord, keep me from *my self*, 'Tis best for me,
 Never to own *my self*, if not in *Thee*.

LXVII. On Man.

AT our Creation, but the *Word* was said,
 And we were made :
 No sooner were, but our false Hearts did swell
 With *Pride*, and fell :
 How slight is Man ! At what an easie cost
 He's *made* and *lost* !

LXVIII. On Death.

WE all are going to the self-same *Place*,
 We only differ in our *Way*, our *Pace* :
 One treads the *common Road* of *Age* : Another
 Travels, directly by the Hand of's *Brother* :
 Some cross the *Waves*, perchance the nearer way ;
 Some by the winged *Shaft* that flies by *Day* ;
 Some ride on *Feavers*, others beat the hoof,
 With *Horses* in their *Hands*, and make a proof
 Of their own *strength* ; Others more fairly pace
 On *Beds of Down* ; some ride a speedy race
 On hot-mouth'd *Surfeits*, emulous for the *Cup* :
 Some hotly mounted fiercely gallop up,
 On spurgal'd *Broiles*, whose *Franrick* motions send
 Their hasty spirits to their *Journies End* :
 Some ride upon the raking *Seeds* of *Treasure* ;
 Others false-gallop on the backs of *Pleasure* :
 All journey forwards to the self-same *Place* ;
 Some, the next way, and some, the faster pace :
 All post and End, till beaten out of *Breath*,
 They all arrive at the great *Gates* of *Death* ;
 Lord,

Lord, in this *common Road*, I do not care
What pace I travel, so my *Way* be fair.

LXIX. *On the Life of Man.*

OUR Life is nothing but a *Winters-Day*;
Some only break their *Fast*, and so away;
Others stay *Dinner*, and depart full fed;
The deepest Age but *Sups*, and goes to Bed:
He's most in debt, that lingers out the Day;
Who dies betimes, has less, and less to pay.

LXX. *On God's Image.*

IT was a dainty piece! In every part,
Drawn to the *Life*, and full of curious Art:
It was as like thee as a shadow could
Be like a *Substance*; There was none but would
Have known thee by't; There needed then no name,
No golden *Characters*, that might proclaim
Whose *Picture* 'twas; the Art was so *Divine*,
That very Beasts did reverence, as thine:
But now, alas, tis blurr'd; the best that we
Or they can judge, is this, 'twas made for thee:
Alas tis faded, soyl'd with hourly Dust,
Sullied, and shadow'd with the smok of *Lust*;
So swarthy as if that glorious Face of thine
Were tawnied underneath the *torrid Line*:
How is thy *Picture* altered! How ill us'd,
By our neglects! How slubber'd! How abus'd!
Her Cedar *Frame's* disjointed, warp'd and broke;
Her curious *Tablet's* tainred with the Smoak:
The Object's both offensive, and the savor;
Retaining neither *Beauty*, nor thy *Favour*:
Lord, let not thy displeased Eye forsake
Thy *bandy-work*; for the bad keepers sake.
Behold it still? and what thou seest amiss,
Pass by; Think what it was, not what 'tis.

What

What though her Beauty and her colours fade?
Remember; O, 'twas like thee when 'twas made.
There is a great *Apelles* that can limn,
With thy own *Pencil*; we have sought to *Him*:
His skilful hand will wash off all the soil,
And cleanse thy *Picture* with his sacred *Oyl*.
He'll mak't more fair then 'twas; at least, the same;
He'll mend the *Tablet*, and renew the *Frame*.
Till then, be pleas'd to let thy *Picture* be
Acknowledg'd *thine*: 'Twas made for none but *Thee*.

LXXI. On the Penny.

HE that endur'd the Tyranny of *Heat*;
The *Morning-sorrows*, and the *Midday-sweat*;
The *Evening-toil*, and *burthen* of the *Day*,
Had but his promis'd *Penny* for his pay:
Others, that loyler'd all the *Morning*; stood
Ith' idle *Market*, whose unpractis'd *Blood*,
Scarce felt the warmth of labour; nor could show
A *blush* of *Action*, had his *Penny* too.
What *Wages* can we merit, as our own?
Slaves that are *baught* with *price*, can challenge none
But only *Stripes*: alas, if *Servants* could
Do more, then bid, they do but what they should.
When Man endeavours, and where *Heav'n* engages
Himself by promise, they are *Gifts*, not *Wages*.
He must expect: We must not look to obtain
Because we *Run*; Nor do we *run* in vain:
Our *Running* shews th'effect, produces none;
The *Penny's* giv'n alike to every one,
That works ith' *Vineyard*; Equal price was shar'd
T' unequal *Workers*: Therefore no *Reward*.
Lord, set my *Hands* a *work*; I will not serve
For *Wages*, lest thou get what I *deserve*.

LXXII. *On a Christian.*

THE Generous *Christian* must as well improve
 Itb' quality of the *Serpent*, as the *Dove*;
 He must be *Innocent*; affraid, to do
 A wrong; And *crafty*; to prevent it too:
 They must be mixt, and temper'd with true *Love*;
 An *Ounce* of *Serpent*, serves a pound of *Dove*.

LXXIII. *On God's Bounty.*

GOD freely gives; as freely we receive;
 It is not, *Due*; but *Ask*, and thou shalt have.

LXXIV. *On Sins.*

MY Sins are like to *Mountains*, that arise
 Above the *Clouds*, & threat the *threatning Skys*,
 Lord, give me *Faith*? and let that *Faith* be prov'd;
 In leaving not a *Mountain* unremov'd.

LXXV. *On the Life of Man.*

A *Thousand* years with God (the *Scriptures* say)
 Are reckon'd but a *Day*;
 By which accompr, this measur'd Life of our
 Exceeds not much an *Hour*;
 The half whereof Nature does claim and keep.
 As her own debt for sleep:
 A full *sixt* part or what remains, we riot
 In more then needful *Diet*:
 Our *Infancy*; our *Child hood*, and the most
 Of our *green youth* is lost:
 The *little* that is left, we thus divide;
 One part to cloath our *Pride*;
 Another Share we lavishly debae
 To *vain*, or *sinful* joys;
 If then, at most, the measur'd life of *Man*
 Be counted but a *Span*,

Being half'd and quarter'd, and disquarter'd thus,
What, what remains for us?

Lord, if the *Total* of our days do come
To so-so poor a *sum*;
And if our shares so small, so nothing be,
Out of that nothing, what remains to Thee?

LXVI. *On the Childrens Bread.*

THy strenghtning *Graces* are the *Childrens Bread*,
Which makes thy thriving Children strong and able
Honour, and Riches are the *Crumbs*, that feed
The *Dogs* that lurk beneath their Masters Table:
Lord, if thy gracious pleasure will allow
But *Bread*, I'm sure I shall have *Crumbs* enow:

LXXVII. *On Trust and Care.*

OUr *Trust* in God, for Riches, neither must
Exclude our *Care*; nor *Care* exceed our *Trust*;

LXXVIII. *On RUSCUS.*

Illiterate *Ruscus* heard *Pendantius* preach;
Admir'd the *Church-Mans* learning, & commended
Such things alone, that were above his Reach;
But meanly slighted what he apprehended:
What hinders then to think that *Ruscus* hath
At least the twi-light of a *Bastard Faith*?

LXXIX. *On the receiving of the Lords Supper.*

MEn take the Sacred *Seals* of their Salvation,
As some do *Physick*, not for *Health* but *Fashion*:
The Day preceeding, and the following Day,
There's none so strict; none so reform'd as they:
They curb the fury of their wanton *Riot*,
And call their *Suppers* to a stricter *Diet*:
The time expir'd the first *Assault* that haps,
Prevails, and strikes them to a worse *Relaps*;

Like

Like Dogs to vomits they return agin,
As though they had past a Parent now to sin:
Let such *Day-Christians*, on the very top,
Of all their mirth, remember *Judas's Sop*.

LXXX. *On Faith.*

TH'oft shaken Tree grows faster at the root;
And *faith's* most firm, that's sometimes urg'd
(with Doubt.

LXXXI. *On the Story of Man?*

THe word was spoke; And what was *Nothing*, must
Be made a *Chaos* of confused *Dust*:
The word was spoke: The *Dust* began to thicken
To a firm *Clay*: The *Clay* began to quicken:
The grosser Substance of that *Clay* thought good
To turn to *Flesh*: The moister turn'd to *Blood*:
Received *Organs*: and those *Organs*, *Sense*;
It was imbellish'd with the Excellence
Of *Reason*: It became the *Height* of *Nature*,
Being stamp'd with th' Image of the great Creator:
But, Lord, that glorious *Image* is defac'd:
Her Beauty's blasted, and her *Tablet's* raz'd:
This *Height* of *Nature* has committed *Treason*
Against it self: Declin'd both *Sense* and *Reason*;
Meer *Flesh* and *Blood*, containing but a *Day*
Of painted *Pleasure*, and but *breathing Clay*:
Whose moisture, dry'd with his own sorrow, must
Resolve, and leave him to his former *Dust*;
Which *Dust*, the utter object of our loathing,
Small time consumes, and brings to his first *Nothing*:
Thus, from this *Nothing*, from this *Dust* began
Thus *Something*, turn'd to *Dust*, to *Nothing*; Man

LXXXII. *On ANANIAS.*

THe *Land* was his: The *Land* was his, alone,
'Twas sold, And now the *Money* was his own

The

The pow'r remain'd in the *Possessors* Hand,
 To keep his *money*, or have kept his *Land*:
 But once devored to the *Churches* good,
 And then conceal'd, it cost his *Life*, his *Blood*.
 If those that give, may not resume agin,
 Without a *Punishment*, without a *Sin*,
 What shall become of those, whose unjust pow'r
 Dispoils the *widowed* Temple of her *Dower*:
 Who take her *Profits*, and in stead of giving
Encrease to her revenues, make a living
 Upon her *Ruin*, growing plump and full
 Upon her *Wants*, being cloathed in her *Wool*;
 While she sustains th' extremes of cold and hunger,
 To pamper up the fat *Advouſion-monger*;
 Who thrust their *Flesh* books in their thrifty Por,
 And only leave her what they value not:
 The whilst her sacred *Priests*, that daily tread
 Their slighted *Corn*, must beg their early *Bread*;
 Or else be forc'd to purchase easie shares
 With the dear *price* of their uugranted *Prayers*:
 Let such turn back their sacrilegious *Eyes*
 And see how breathless *Ananias* lies:
 Behold the *Wages* that his sin procures,
 That was a *Mole-hill*, to these *Apes* of yours:
 He took not from the *Church*: Did but conceal
 Some part he gave; But your false *Fingers* Steal
 Her main *Inheritance*, her own *Possession*;
 His was but bare *Deceit*, yours bold *Oppression*:
 O, if no less then the *first Death* was due
 To him, what *Death* d'ye think's prepar'd for you?
 So often as your pamper'd *Eyes* shall look
 On your *Estates*, think on the *Flying Book*.

LXXX. On *Pious* Uses.

THEY that, in life, oppress, and then bequeath
 Their Goods to *pious* Uses at their death,
 Are

Are like those Drunkards, being laid to sleep,
That belch and vomit what they cannot keep.
To God's and Man's acceptance, I presume
Their several Actions send the like perfume.

LXXXIV. On Sophronia.

THE chaste *Sophronia* know not how to scape
Th' inevitable danger of a Rape;
Cruel *Sophronia* draws her hasty Knife
And would relieve her Chastity with Life.
Doubtful *Sophronia* knows not what to do,
She cannot keep the one, and t'other too.
Sophronia's in a strait; One Eye is fixt (fixt,
O'th' seventh Commandment; t'other, t'other on the
To what Extreame of poor *Sophronia* driven!
Is not *Sophronia* left at Six and Seaven?

LXXXV. On the knowing Man.

HE's like a lusty Soyle, whole Moisture feeds,
If not a world of Corn, and world of Weeds.

LXXXVI. On Romes Pardon.

IF Rome could pardon Sins, as Romans hold,
And if such Pardon might be bought for Gold;
An easie Judgment might determine which
To choole; To be Religious, or else Rich;
Nay Rome does pardon: Pardon may be sold;
We'll search no Scriptures, but the Mines, for Gold.

LXXXVII. On the World.

THE World, compos'd of Heaven & Earth's the story
Of God's Eternal, and Man's Temp'ral Glory.

LXXXVIII. Of formal Devotion.

MEN do God Service with the same devotion,
As the soul Body takes his loathed Portion:
They

They stay and stay; then gulp it down in haste;
 Not for the *Pleasure*, but to have it *past*.
 Whose *druggy* Taste goes so against their *Mind*;
 That, oft, the better part is left behind,
 And what is taken, 's taken but in vain;
 It either *works not*, or *comes up again*.

LXXXIX. On Heavenly Manna.

O What a world of heav'nly Manna falls
 Within the Circuit of our happy *Walls*!
 With how great Joy would neighb'ring *Lands* receive
 The Fragments of those *Fragments*, that we leave!
 Our furnish'd *Markets* flourish all the year;
 We need no *Ephaths*, nor yet *Omers* here;
 We take, unmeasur'd, from the bounteous heap;
 Thanks never were so *dear*: not that, so *cheap*.
 We never hoard, but toss from hand to hand,
 As if that *Famine* had forsworn the Land;
 Our satiate *Stomachs* are so lavish fed,
 That we ev'n slight, and wanton with our *Bread*.
 Ah Lord! I fear when careless Children play
 With their spoil'd *Bread*, 'tis time to take away.

XC. On Natural Sins.

TO murder *Parents*, or our *selves*, has been;
 Though falsely, counted an unnatural Sin:
 By *Nature*, we are apt to fall into't;
 I rather think't unnatural not to do't:
 If Heav'n should but forsake us, 'twere agin
 The very course of *Nature*, not to Sin.

XCI. On the A R K.

I F *Floods* of *Tears* should drown my world of Sin,
 Alas, my floating *Ark* remains within,
 A curst *Cham* to store the *World* agin:
 What then? So long as holy *Seem* vouchsafeth,
 Put to divide a *Tent* with *bashtul* *Japheth*.

XCII. On SOPHRONIA.

Sophronia chooses rather to commit
Self-Murder, then by violence, to submit
 Her ventur'd honour to th'injurious trust
 Of the *Eye sparkling Tyrants* furious Lust :
 What means *Sophronia* ? Dare her Conscience frame,
 To act a *Sin*, but to prevent a *Shame* ?

XCIII. On a fair Prospect.

Look up ; And there, I see the fair abode.
 And glorious *Mansion* of my gracious God :
 Look down ; in ev'ry garnisht corner lies
Favours objected to my wondring Eyes :
 Look on my right *Hand* ; There, the sweet encrease
 Of Joys present me with a joyful *Peace* :
 Look on my left *Hand* ; There, my Father's Rod
 Sublimes my Knowledge, from my self, to God :
 Look forward ; There, I see the lively Story
 Of *Faith's* improvement and of future *Glory* :
 Look backward : There, my thankful Eye is cast
 On Sins remitted, and on Dangers past :
 Look inwards ; And mine Eye is made partaker
 Of the fair Image of my glorious *Maker* :
 Look up ; or Down ; About, Above, or Under ;
 Nothing but Objects of true *Love* and *Wonder*.

XCIV. A Resolution.

If thou hast giv'n me *Wealth*, great God, I crave
Content ; and Grace to have the Goods I have ;
 If otherwise ; Thy Will be done : I crave not
 So much, to have, as use the Goods I have not :
 Lord, make me *Thine* : And then I shall appear,
 If not thy *Almarr*, yet thy *Brood-man*, here.

XCV. *On the World's Welcome.*

EArths Entertainments are like those of *Isaiah*,
Her left hand brings me *Milk*; her right, a *Nail*.

XCVI. *On our Meditation upon God.*

WHen thy ambitious *Knowledge* would attempt
So high a *Task* as *God*, she must exempt
All carnal *Sense*; Thy *Reason* must release
Her *Pow'r*; Thy *Fancy* must be bound to th' peace;
Thy *Spirits* must be rapt; They must exile
Thy *Flesh*, and keep a *Sabbath* for a while;
Thou must forget thy self, and take strong *Bands*
Of thy own *Thoughts*, and shake eternal *Hands*
With thy rebellious *Lusts*; discard and clear
Thy *Heart* of all *Idea's*; Then, with *Fear*,
And holy *Reverence*, thou must think of *One*,
As though he were not to be thought upon:
Conceive a *Spiritual*, a most perfect *Being*,
Pure, *simple*; At the self-same instant, seeing
Things *Present*, *Past*, and *Future*; *One*, whose *Might*,
Whole *Wisdom*, *Justice*, *Mercy*, (in a height
Above *Exceeding*) is *Himself*, being *Great*
Without a *Quantity*, and most *Compleat*
Without *Degrees*; *Eternal* without *space*
Of *time*: At all times *Present*, without *Place*:
Think thus: & when thy *Thoughts* can soar no higher,
Stay there, Stand humbly *silent*, and *admire*.

XCVII. *On Faith.*

HE that wants *Faith*, and apprehends a *Grief*,
Because he wants it, hath a *true Belief*.
And he that *Grieves*, because his *Grief's* so small,
Has a *true Grief*, and the best *Faith* of all.

XCVIII. On Man's Folly.

Deots, and Sense-bound Lunaticks discern
 Twixt Salt and Sugar; very Babes will learn
 To know a Counter from the currant Coin;
 Bruit Beasts, by Instinct of Nature, will decline
 Th'alluring Baits and sense-beguiling Snare;
 Though that seem ne'r so sweet, this, ne'r so fair:
 Yet Man, Heav'n's greatest Master-piece will chuse,
 What Fools, and Mad-men, Beasts, and Babes refuse:
 Delight in dangerous Pleasures, and beneath
 The name of Joys, pleases himself to Death.

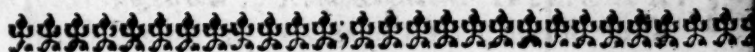
XCIX. On Glory.

That Saint, in Heav'n, whose Glory is the least,
 Has ev'n as perfect Glory, as the best:
 There's no Degrees? but in a finite Treasure:
 No difference twixt Paul's Glory & mine, but measure.

C. On Reward.

When holy Scriptures mention the Rewarding
 Of works, we read not, For, but still Accord-
 ing.

The end of the Third Book.



D I V I N E F A N C I E S.

B O O K I V.

I. *A Good Man.*

'TIS *Day* : Unfold thine Arms ; Arise, and rouse
 Thy leaden *Spirits*, and pay thy morning *Vows* ;
 Send up thy *Incense* ; Let her early Smoke
 Renew that League thy very Dreams have broke.
 Then mayst thou *work* or *play* ; Nothing shall be,
 Displeasing to thy God, that pleases thee.

II. *A Good-night.*

CLOSE now thine Eyes, and rest secure ;
 Thy *Soul* is safe enough ; thy *Body* sure ;
 He that loves thee, he that keeps
 And guards thee, never Slumbers, never Sleeps.
 The smiling Conscience in a sleeping Brest,
 Has only peace, has only rest :
 The Musick and the Mirth of Kings
 Are all but very *Discords*, when she sings :
 Then close thine Eys and rest secure ;
 No Sleep so sweet as thine, no Rest so sure,

III. On a Printing-House.

THe *World's a Printing-house: our words, our thoughts*
Our Deeds, are Characters of sev'ral sizes:
Each Soul is a Compoſter; of whose faults
The Levites are Correctors: Heav'n revises;
Death is the common Preſs; from whence, being driven
We are gathered Sheet by ſheet, & bound for Heaven.

IV. A Dialogue between Gabriel and Mary.

Gabriel,

HAlle blessed *Mary: Ma. What celestial Tongue*
Calls ſinful Mary bleſſed? Gabr. It is I:
Mar. Who art thou? Ga. I am Gabriel that belong
To the high Quire of Heaven: Ma. I faint, I die.
Ga. Fear not ſweet Virgin; all the Earth ſhall be
Made debtors to thy Womb, and bleſt in Thee.
Ma. How Lord? Ga. Thy Virgin Womb ſhall bear a ſon
That ſhall redeem the World. Ma. My Lord, how can
Such Wonders come to paſs; ſuch Things be done
By a poor Virgin, never known by Man?
Ga. The Holy Ghoſt, at his appointed hour,
Shall make thee pregnant by his ſacred Power:
Ma. Wonder of wonders! Ga. At whoſe beight the
Of Heav'n ſtand raviſht, tremble, & admire. (Quire
Ma. O may it be according to thy Word:
Ga. Before that twice five Moons compleated be
Thou ſhalt be known the Mother of our Lord,
And thou ſhalt dance thy Saviour on thy Knee.
Ma. Both heav'n & earth ſhall triumph; & the frame
Of Hell ſhall tremble at Maria's name:
Ga. All Ages paſt, and preſent, and to come,
Shall joy in Mary, and in Mary's Womb.

V. On Rhemus.

IF *Heav'n would pleaſe to purge thy Soul as well*
As Rome thy Purſe, thou needſt not fear a Hell.

VI. On the Life of Man.

MAN's days a Song compos'd by th'great *Musitian*,
Full of harmonious *Airs* and dainty *Choice*;
But spoild with *Discords*, and too much *Division*;
Abus'd and lost for want of *Skill* and *Voice* :

We miss our *Rests*, and we neglect our *Graces*;
Our Life the *Treble*, and our Death the *Base* is.

VII. On MARY.

FOUR *Mary's* are eterniz'd for their worth;
Our Saviour found out *Three*, our *Charles*, the
VIII. On the Church. (fourth.

LET not thy *blackness* move thee to despair,
Black Women are belov'd of Men that's fair:
What if thy Hair, her flaxen brightness lack?
Thy Face is comely, tho thy Brow be black.

IX. On the two Essences.

GOD'S sacred *Essence* represents the bright
And glorious body of the greatest Light:
'Tis perfect; hath a *Being* of her own,
Giving to all, receiving light from none:
Man's *Essence* represents the borrowed Light
And feeble luster of the *Lamp* of Night:
Her *Raies* are faint, and her *Reflection* thin,
Distain'd with nat'ral blemishes within;
Inconstant, various; having, of her own,
No light at all; or light, as good as none:
When too much Earth shall interpose, and slips
Betwixt these Lights, our Souls are in th'Eclips.

X. On our Saviour's Passion.

THE Earth did tremble, and Heav'ns closed Eye
Was loth to see the *Lord of Glory* die;
The Skies were clad in mourning, and the *Spheres*
Forgot their *harmony*; The Clouds dropt *Tears*:

Th'ambitious Dead arose to give him room;
 And ev'ry Grave did gape to be his Tomb;
 Th'affrighted Heav'n's sent down elegious Thunder:
 The *World's Foundation* loos'd, to lose their *Founder*;
 Th'impatient Temple rent her *Vail* in two,
 To teach our Hearts what our sad Hearts should do:
 Shall senseless Things do this, and shall not I
 Melt one poor drop to see my Saviour die?
 Drill forth my Tears; and trickle one by one,
 Till you have peirc'd this *Heart* of mine, this *Stone*.

XI. On PETER.

WHAT Luck had *Peter*! For he took a Fish
 That stor'd his *Purse*, as well as fill'd his *Dish*;
 Whose bounty did *enrich*, as well as *feed* him;
 But they are better *Fishers* that succeed him:
 He catcht by Chance: *These* catch the like by Skill:
 He catch but once: *These* catch them when they will:
 They cast their *Angles* into better *Seas*;
 Their baits are only for such *Fish* as these:
 Brave Sport, and full of curious *Pleasure*! Come,
 There is no *Fishing* to the *Sea*—of *Rome*.

XII. On HERODIAS.

I'LL tell thee, *Light-skirts*, whosoever taught
 Thy Feet to Dance, thy dancing had a Fault:
 Thou'lt find it dear, *Herodias*, if thou do'st
 Compare thy *pen'worth* with the price it cost.

XIII. On Faith and Hope.

HOW much the stronger, *Hopes* on life relye,
 So much the weaker is my *Faith*, to die.

XIV. On Water and Wine.

THE happy diff'rence and sweet change of Life,
 When a chaste *Virgin* turns a loyal *Wife*,
 Our blessed Lord, in *Cana* did Divine,
 And turn'd cold *Water* into lusty *Wine*.

How

XV. On Age.

HOW fresh Blood dotes! O how green Youth delires!
It most disdain the Thing it most desires.

XVI. On a Fig-Tree.

A Christian's like a Fig-Tree, that does bear
Fruit, green, or ripe, or blossoms all the year:
No wonder then, our Saviour curst that Tree;
Fig-Trees are always dead, where no Figs be,

XVII. On RHEMUS.

Rhemus, upon a time I heard thee tell,
A Wall divideth Purgatory and Hell;
And that a Gold-bought Mass will clear th'offence
That brought us thither, and redeem us thence;
Ah Rhemus, what demented Soul would spare
To ruine Wife, or to dis-land an Heir,
Rather than feel such torments, you pretend,
That equal Hell in all but Time, and End.
Ah Rhemus. If the power of Gold be such,
How dare you be so bold to die so rich!

XVIII. On JACOB.

NE're boast thy Bargain, Jacob: For poor we
Have made a better Contract far, than thee:
We envy not his Land thou didst inherit;
Our Brother took our Flesh; gave us his Spirit.

XIX. On SIMON MAGUS.

Simon, bring Gold enough; and I will tell thee,
Where thou shalt buy what Peter would not sell
Repair to his Successors; They are free (thee :
And frolick Gamsters; not so strict as He :
Nay, if thy Gold be weak, they will not stand
To sell good Pen'worths at the second hand:
They'll sell good cheap, but they'll not give to any;
No Pater-noster where there is no Penny :
No, if thy Purse be like an empty Shell,
They will not give, what Peter would not sell.

XX. On the Bishop of Rome.

ADmit, great Prelat, that thou wert that *Rock*
Whereon the *Church* was founded; couldst *unlock*
The *Gates* of Heav'n; and, with thy *golden Key*,
Make Hell thy *Pris'ner*, and the Fiends obey,
Thy Papal dignity would far be greater,
If thou wert *Simon*, but as well as *Peter*.

XXI. On MILO.

DO; strive to enter *Milo*, though the Gate
Be narrow, and the rugged passage straight;
Lessen thy self, and fast thy Carkas thin;
Take in thy *Flesh*, 'twill get thee easier in:
Look up to Heav'n, 'twill raise thy Body uprighter,
Give lib'ral *Alms*, 'twill make thee tread the lighter:
Sweat forth thy base *Corruptions*, and inherit
Thy promis'd *Crown*, half lost for want of Spirit;
Let not thy dastard, and dull thoughts disdain
Those works which cold *despair* mistakes, as vain;
Take heed; Let not thy queazy Soul repine
Against those *Actions* which are none of thine:
Heav'n bids thee shine; what if thy *Rays* be dim,
Do thou thy best; leave the success to Him:
Follow thy *Work*; And when thy Soul shall be
Gather'd from hence, thy *Works* shall follow thee.

XXII. On Rome.

GOOD *Works* abound in *Rome*: 'Tis well they do,
'Tis the best String they challenge to the Bow:
But ev'ry He's no *Monck*, that wears a Hood,
'Tis well, if they'r well done, as well as good:
When wandring *Passengers* have lost their way,
No sort of *Men* that ride so fast as they.

XXIII. On three Days and Nights.

THOU knowst our dying Saviour did repose
On *Friday*; On the *Sabbath*, he arose;

Tell me, by what account can he be said
To lodge *three Days and Nights* among the Dead?
He dy'd for all the World: what wanted here,
Was full supply'd in t'other *Hemisphere*.

XXIV. On TOBIT'S Dog.

What luck had *Tobit's Dog*! what grace! what glory
Thus to be Kenel'd in th'Eternal Story!
Until th'*Apocrypha* and *Scripture* sever,
The mem'ry of *Tobit's Dog* shall live for ever.

XXV. On the Gospel

When two *Evangelists* shall seem to vary
In one discourse, they'r *divers*, not *contrary*;
One Truth doth guide them both; One Spirit doth
Direct them; doubt not, to believe them both.

XXVI On SERVIO.

Servio, 'Tis scarcely worththy Paines, to smother
Or to subdue one Sin. and hugg another:
Believe it *Servio*, he that is in thrall
To one is a potential Slave to all.

XXVII. On FORMIO.

Formio will keep the *Sabbath*, read and pray.
His Lips are seal'd from oaths upon that Day;
Formio is clad in Black, and will absent
His fleshly Thoughts, this holy time of *Lent*.
Think'st thou that *Formio's* shaking Hands with Sin?
No, tis but giving Hands to meet agin.

XXVIII. On JOHN and JESUS.

John was the *Morning-Star*, that did Fore-run
The long wisht rising of our Glorious *Sun*:
The first word that *John's* preaching Lips expressed
Was this, *Repent*: Our Saviours first, was, *Blessed*:
John makes th' incision; *Jesus* makes it sound;
Jesus nere cures, where *John* ne'r made a wound!

XXIX. On Dispossessing.

WE read, A broiled Fishes Heart will scare
 A frighted Devil from a troubled Breast
 We read again, By *Fasting*, and by *Prayer*
 The fierce *Demoniak's* only dispossess :
 What this affirms, that flatly does deny ;
 With reverence to the Text, *The one's a Lye.*

XXX. On HERODIAS.

I Have a young *Herodias* lives within me,
 That never leaves to *Dance*, until she win me
 To grant her Suit ; will never cease to plead
 Until I give her my *John Baptists's* Head :
 O then my sorrow would be past her date,
 And I, like *Herod*, should repent too late.

XXXI. On Malfido.

Satans *Injections* are like Weeds that fall
 Into thy Garden, darded ore the Wall,
 Whose loathsome smell unscent thy sweeter Flow'rs
 But grow not there, unless we make them ours :
 They'l Dye, neglected ; If thou lend them Room,
 They'l stink ; But easily thrown from whence they come
 Fear not, *Malfido* ; those they be that spoil
 Thy Flow'rs, that suck their substance from the soil

XXXII. On Slanders.

When undeserv'd report distains my Name,
 It shames not but perchance prevents a Shame.

XXXIII. On Law and Gospel.

THe *Law* is rough ; The *Gospel* mild and calm ;
 That launc'd the *Bile* ; & this powers in the *Balm*.

XXXIV. On a bosom Sin.

That *Sin* that finds more credit then the rest,
 That is thy *Darling*, leans upon thy Breast ;

That,

That, in the *Bosom* of thy Heart does lye ;
 That dips within thy *dish*, Says, *Is is I?*
 That gives thee *kisses*? that's the *Sin* that slays thee
 O that, O that's the *Judas*, that betrays thee.

XXXV. *On the World.*

THE World's a *Book*, writ by th' eternal *Art*
 Of the great Maker, *printed* in Mans Heart
 'Tis *fastly printed*, though divinely *Pen'd*,
 And all th' *Erratas* will appear at th' *End*.

XXXVI. *On my Soul.*

MY weather beaten Soul long time has bin
 Becalm'd, and tiding in the *Sea* of Sin ;
 But now afflictions Storm do drive and tosse
 Her batter'd *Keel* : The wind is loud and cross :
Fear fills her tatter'd *Sails* and *Doubts* do drive her
 She knows not where ; and of all hopes deprive her
 Thus thus transported by the troubled Air
 Amongst the swallowing *Quick-sands* of despair,
 If not prevented by a greater power,
 She looks for wreck and ruin ev'ry Hour ;
 O, that mine Eyes could rain a *Shower* of Tears,
 That, that would lay the Storm of all my Fears.

XXXVII. *On a Cuckoe.*

THE idle *Cuckoe*, having made a *Feast*
 On Sparrows Eggs, lays down her own i'th' *Nest* ;
 The silly Bird she owns it, hathces, feeds it ;
 Protects it from the weather, clocks and breeds it,
 It neither wants repose nor yet repast,
 And joys to see her *Chicken* thrive so fast :
 But when this gapping Monster has found strength
 To shift without a helper, she at length
 Not caring for that tender care that bred her,
 Forgets her parent, kills the Bird that fed her :

The

The Sin we foster in our bosom thus
Ere we have left to feed it, feeds on us.

XXXVIII. On Tobir.

WAs it not time to send his son to *Rages*
For Money when his wife spun hard for *Wages*;
Was't not high time for him to post away,
That for an *Angel* paid a *Groat* a day?

XXXIX. On DAVID.

WHo ever sung so high, so rapt an *Io*
As *David* prompted by Heroick *Clio*?
But when thy more divine *Urania* sung,
What glorious *Angel* had so sweet a *Tounge*?
But when *Melpomene* began to sing,
Each word's a *Rapture*, or some higher *Thing*:
Sweet were thy triumphs; sweet those *joyes* of thine;
O, but thy *Tears* were more than most *Divine*.

XL. On a Monument.

S^Eest thou that *Mon'ment*? Dost thou see how *Art*
Does polish Nature to adorn each part
Of that rare Work, whose glorious *Fabrick* may
Commend her beauty to an after day?
Is't not a dainty Piece? And apt to raise
A rare advantage to the *Makers* praise?
But knowest thou what this dainty Piece *Encloses*?
Beneath this glorious *Marble* their *reposes*
A noysome putrid *Carcass*, half devout'd
By crawling *Caniballs*, disguis'd, desflour'd
With loath'd *Corruption*, whose consuming scent
Would poison *Thoughts*, although it have no vent:
Ev'n such a Piece art thou, who ere thou be
That read'st these Lines: This *Monument* is *Thee*:
Thy *Body* is a *Fabrick*, wherein Nature
And *Art* conspire to heighten up a *Creature*

To sum Perfection being a living Story
And rare *Abrdgement* of his Makers Glory;
But full of loathsome *Filth*, and nasty *Mire*
Of Lust, uncurb'd Affections, base desire;
Curious without, but most corrupt within
A glorious Monument of inglorious Sin

XLI. On Plausus.

Plausus has built a Church: And lest his Glory
Should dye has boasted his vain-glorious Story
Upon the painted Wall, and built to Fame
A large Memorial of his doubtful Name:
Plausus, 'tis bravely done; Thy Deeds make known
Thou either seek'st Gods Glory or thy own.

XLII. On Censorio.

THou blam'st the Age, condemn'st the *days of crimes*
If thou would mend thy *Faults*, 'twould mend
(the *Times*.)

XLIII. On Fools of both Kinds.

Some scorn the *Cross*, whilst others fall before it,
Some sit and take the Bread, and some adore it:
Some are too bold, and others too too nice;
Fools act a Sin, whilst they decline a Vice.

XLIV. On the Name of JESUS.

IT is the common course of Man to double
The name of *Jesus* in the times of Trouble:
The name of Lord is not a stile to please us;
Jesu's no Lord with us; if Lord, no *Jesus*.

XLV. On the Woman with the Issue.

HOW could thy Soul, fond Woman, be assur'd
Thy long disease could be so eas'y cur'd?
What? couldst thou think the touch of Cloth was good
To dry the Fountain of thy flowing Blood?

Or was't because our blessed Saviour wore it?
 Or why? I read not, that thou didst adore it:
 He nere so much as own'd thee, Woman: Sure,
 Thy Faith, and not his Garments wrought the Cure.

XLVI. On our Redemption.

WE were created at a Word, a Breath;
 Redeemed with no less then Blood & Death:
 How much a greater labour is it, than,
 To wash a Sinner, then to make a Man!

XLVII. On God's Arm.

TWas not, that he was weak; or thou so strong;
 He dy'd so soon, or that thou liv'st so long:
 The head-strong Ox is haled to the Slaughter,
 When the poor Worm crawls many a Summer after:
 When Heav'n's victorious Arm shall please to strike,
 The Gyant and the Pigmey are alike.

XLVIII. On our Blessed Saviour.

O Thou that wert the King of Heav'n and Earth,
 How poorly weret thou attended at thy Birth!
 A Manger was thy Cradle, And a Stable
 Thy Privy Chamber, Mary's Knees thy Table;
 Thieves were thy Courtiers, & the Cross, thy Throne;
 Thy Dyet, Gall; A wreath of Thorns, thy Crown:
 All this, the King of Glory endur'd, and more,
 To make us Kings, that were but Slaves before.

XLIX. On CORDUPLO.

Keepe in thy Actions, and maintain the Fences
 Of thy clos'd Lips, Corduplo, and thy Senses;
 Thou shalt deceive both Man and Devil too,
 And mayst be damn'd, and yet they never know;
 The Devil's power of Knowledge never delves
 Into our Hearts, till we proclaim our selves,

Who

Divine Fancies.

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L. On Dreams.

WHo Dreams a *Sin*, and not his dreams forbid it
An entertainment, Sins, as if he did it;
Which if thy slumbring Soul could not prevent,
Th'art safe, if thou hast dream'd thou didst repent.

LI. On ADAM.

How soon, poor *Adam*, was thy *Freedom* lost!
Forfeit to death ere thou hast time to boast;
Before thy Triumph, was thy Glory done,
Betwixt a *Rising* and a *Setting Sun*:
How soon that ends, that should have ended never!
Thine Eyes ne'er slept, until they slept for ever.

LII. On Sins and Blessings.

WE write thy *common Blessings*, Lord, upon
A sliding stream; no sooner writ, but gon:
Thy more illustrious Favours we entrust
To the dry Sand, defac'd with ev'ry Gust:
But Lord, our Scrawl of Sins are written down
On during Marble, or some harder stone;
And our extream mis-doings are thought good
To be inscrib'd, like *Draco's Laws*, in Blood:
Lord, let us change our *Tables* or our *Story*.
And we shall have more *Comfort*; Thou, more *Glory*.

LIII. On CELIA.

Celia complains, her Heart cannot be well;
Nor will not, *Celia*, till it cease to swell;
'Tis too-too proud with Blood, perverse and stout;
It must be launc'd to let the Humour out:
Alas no Launce can pierce it; It is grown
More hard then *Raunce*, or th' *Adamantine Stone*.
Then *Celia*, like an *Adamant*, thou must
Make the incision with her own made dust.

LIV. On PUSILLUS.

*P*usillus can be jocund, never whines
 When he is full, but still, in want, repines;
 And, like a bad Nos'd Hound, that hunts not true,
 He's at a Fault, if not the Game in view:
 Be well advis'd *Pusillus*; Heav'n may chance
 To Pipe no more, if thou give ore to Dances.

LV. On Belief.

*T*HE Devils do believe; I know they do;
 But their *Belief* does make them tremble too.

LVI. On Craftinio.

*P*ast time is gone, the *Future* is to be;
Craftinio, say, which most belongs to thee?
 The first, thou further goest and further from;
 And mayest dye before the last shall come:
 The first, *Craftinio's* now grown out of date;
 Perchance the last may come, but come too late:
 The last's uncertain, and the first is gone,
 The present then *Craftinio's* thine, or none.

LVII. On an Hour-Glass.

*M*Ans life is like and *Hour-Glass*, wherein
 Each sev'ral sand that passes is a Sin:
 And when the latest sand is spent and run,
 Our *Sins* are finish'd, as our *Lives* are done.

LVIII. On Cain.

*C*ain, 'tis true: It was and did appear
 A *Punishment* too great for thee too bear:
 If thou hadst had a *Faith*, and couldst have bin
 As much oppress'd and loaded with thy *Sin*,

Thy greater patience either might out-worn it,
Or found more able *Shoulders* to have born it.

LIX. On Ticio.

Ticio stands gaping for the clouded Sun
To be inform'd how fast the hours run ;
Ab, foolish Ticio, art thou sound in mind,
To loose by *seeking*, what thou seekst to find.

LX. On Sortio.

Sortio, that makst a Trade of gaming. know
Thou break'st two great *Commandments* at a throw
The *Third* thou break'st by thy abuse of *Lot* ;
Thou breakst the *Tenth*, that bids thee *Covet not* :
Now tell me, *Sortio*, whether sins most high;
He that plays *Fair*, or he that helps a *Die* ?

LXI. On Raymond Sebund.

Honour to high-brain'd *Raymond*, And no less
To thy renowned Scholar, great *Du Plessis* :
Your high attempts object to our dull Sight
The God of Nature, by dull Natures *Light* :
But what have *Raymond*, and *Du Plessis* done ?
They light but two bright *Tapers* to the Sun.

LXII. To Henry Earl of Holland.

Is not the *Sun-shine* of great *Cæsars Eye*;
Nor our *Opinion* makes thy Honour flye
So fair a *Pitch* ; nor need thy Glory claim
Assistance from thy *Blood*, t' enrich thy Name :
But what is that mounts thee up so high,
The *World* shall tell thee, *Henry*, and not I :
Blood gives no *Vertue* ; nor *Opinion*, *Glory* ;
And Princely Favours are but *Transitory* ;

Heav'n's *Alt* is mingled with great *Cæsars Eye* :
Heav'n gave thee wings and *Cæsar* bids thee *Flie*

LXIII. *On Drunkards and Idolaters.*

WHich is the greater Sin, and which the less ?
Which finds the *sharper* ? which the *milder* *Rea*
To turn Gods glorious Image to a *Beast*,
Or turn the Image of a *Beast* to *God* ?
Thrice happy is that soul, and more than thrice
That buyes no knowledge at so dear a price.

LXIV. *On Dying.*

HE that would dye once well, must often try ;
Practice does bring perfection how to Dye :
The Law's our *Tutor* ; and the World our *School*,
Wherein w're taught by *example*, as by *Rule* :
The Rods *Affliction*, which being laid away,
The Gospel comes, and begs us leave to play.

LXV. *On Ravens and Lilies.*

ARE not the *Ravens*, great God, sustain'd by Thee
And wilt thou cloth the *Lilies*, and not me ?
I'll nere distrust my God, for *Cloth*, and *Bread*,
Whilst *Lilies* flourish, and the *Ravens* ed.

LXVI. *On degrees of Sin.*

CURSES proportion to the *Sins* degree :
Adam had one ; *Eve* two ; the *Serpent*, three.

LXVII. *A last Will.*

MY Life's my *dying day* ; wherein I, still,
Am making, alter, and correct my *Will* :
My Soul I do bequeath to God ; provided
Some smaller *Legacies* may be divided

among my Friends: *Item* my Sins give,
 To my dear *Jesus*, whether dye or live:
Item, I give the World, that did refresh
 The tender frailty of my feeble Flesh,
 My lesser *Cares*: I do bequeath moreover,
 To my poor Body *home spun-cloth*, to cover,
 And hide her shame, and Food for needful Diet;
 Some Sleep, but not immoderate, to quiet
 Distemper'd Nature, and in her Vacation,
 Some lawful Pleasures for her Recreation;
 My Charity, to my poor helpless Brother,
 Give my Prayers to the true Church my Mother;
 Whose watchful Eyes I must desire, still,
 To be the Over-seers of my Will.

LXVIII. On our JESUS.

He's like a Rock, which when we strive to shun
 We are in danger to be wreckt upon:
 But when our wide-spread Arms seek Refuge there,
 It will secure us from the Harms we fear,

LXIX. To King CHARLES.

The Common wealth is like an Instrument;
 The divers sorts of people represent
 The strings, all differing in degrees, in places;
 Some Trebles, and some Means, and some are Bases;
 The potent Rulers the Musicians are;
 The musick sometimes Peace; and sometimes War;
 The Laws are like the Ruled Books that lye
 Before their Eyes, and which they practice by:
 Play on great Charles; Heav'n make thy strings as strong
 And true, as thou art skilful: Ravish long
 The worlds wide Ears, with thy diviner Airs,
 That whosoever to thy Land repairs

May

Divine Fancies.

May thence return amaz'd, and tell the Story
Of Brittain's Triumph, in great Charles his Glory.

LXX. *A Riddle.*

THe Good we spend we keep; and what we save,
We loose, and only what we loose we have.

LXXI. *On Glorioso.*

NEre vaunt *Glorioso*, that thou oft reliev'st
The poor *Glorioso*, tis not thine, thou giv'st:
Boast what's thy own; Thou art the poor Man's Sieve,
Thy wealth was giv'n thee, with a Clause, to give;
Put case it were thy own thou gav'st, what then?
Thy own Applause hath paid thy own agen.

LXXII. *On JUDAS.*

TWO hundred Pence! What's that to thee? But say
That so much Oyntment had been cast away;
The Coin that paid for't, *Judas*, was not thine;
O *Judas*, that's the cause thou didst Repine.

LXXIII. *On IMPROPRIATOR.*

LORD, how he swells! as if he had, at least,
A Common-wealth reposed in his Breast:
A Common-wealth? 'Twas shrewdly guest, I tell ye;
He has a Leash of Churches in his Belly.

LXXIV. *On the same.*

PROdigious Stomachs! what a cruel deal
It can devour! whole Churches at a Meal:
'Tis very strange that Nature should deliver
So good a Stomach to so bad a Liver.

LXXV. ON LUCRO.

Lucro, it is believ'd, thy Conscience, either
Is very wide, or made of *stretching Leather* :
Methinks thy Conscience rather seems too small ;
So far from large, I fear th' art none at all.

! LXXVI. TO GOD.

IF thou shouldst strike a blow for every slip
That mortals make, or spur for every trip,
Within a moments space, here would be found
No place left free t' inflict another Wound :
Hackneys and spur-gall'd *Fades* would happier be,
And in condition, better far, then *We*.

LXXVII. On Sleep and Death.

IT is receiv'd, that Sleep's the elder Brother ;
I see no reason for't : I think, the other :
Tho' Sleep does now usurp the upper hand,
I am sure that Death do's sweep away the Land.

LXXVIII. TO RHEMUS.

THY Conscience tells thee, that to make debate
Twixt Prince and People, to subvert a State ;
To violate a Truce, to murder Kings
Are lawful ; nay, are meritorious Things :
Thou hast a Freedom more than we, wherein
To do against thy Conscience, and not Sin.

He

LXXIX. ON GLORIOSO.

HE that relieves his Brother in distress,
And seeks no vain Applause, do's nothing less
Than lend to his Redeemer, laying down
A worthless Counter, to take up a Crown:
But if Vain-glory prompt thy Tongue to boast,
It is not lent, Glorioso; 'Tis but lost.

LXXX. TO GOD.

I Wonder, Lord, thou shouldst so much desire
Our younger days, when as the green-wood Fire
Of feeble Nature is but newly blown;
When ev'ry Room's unfurnisht; and not one
Fit for the presence of so great a Guest;
None trim'd with Art; no, not so much as drest
With common Sense; when as th'unburnisht print
Of thy fair Image, taken from the Mint,
But now, has not the least imbellishment
Of Heav'nly Knowledge: Lord, what hast thou meant
To make such choice, to choose a time so ill,
When we have neither means, nor yet a will
To entertain? Would not our deeper Age,
Wherein the Toys of Child hood, and the rage,
The Fire of lustful Youth shall be abated,
Wherein our riper Souls shall be estared
In richer Knowledge, and the strength of Reason;
O might nor, might not this bin thought a Season,
A time more aptly chosen of the twain,
For thee to come; and us, to entertain?
No; thou, great God, that art our wise Creator,
Wert better read in our rebellious Nature:
Thou knewst the Bow of our corrupted Will
Stood bent to Mischief, would be drawn to ill

By every Arm, thou knewest that every hour
Gave new encrease to strength, and double power
To draw those sinful *Shafts* that shoot at Heaven;
Thou knew'st our easie *Nature* would be driven
By ev'ry Breath, and that our thoughts would fall
From bad to worse; from worse to worst of all:
Thou knew'st that growing *Time* would more unlevel
Our rugged *Wills*, and took'st the best of Evil:
Lord, take it. and betimes; that being posselt
Of that, thou mayest prescribe for all the Rest.

LXXXII. On Partio,

THOU say'st, thy *Will* is good, and glory'st in it,
And yet forget'st thy Maker ev'ry minit:
Say *Partio*, was there ever *Will* allow'd
When the Testator's mem'ry was not good?

LXXXIII. On an Evil Conscience.

WHAT Hells of Horror, an evil *Conscience* brings!
What strange *Chimera's*! what prodigious
things!
A pregnant *Womb* of wonders! Ev'ry minit
We Sin; but least, when most we sin agin it,

LXXXIV. To Mundano.

NE'R think, *Mundano*, that one *Room* will hold
Thy God, and all thy Gold;
If e'er they chance to meet within a heart,
They'l neither fight, or part;
So long as *Earth* seems glorious in thine Eyes,
Thy thoughts can never rise;
Believe't *Mundano*, by how much more near
Thou get'st Heav'n, the less will *Earth* appear.

LXXV. To my Friend.

Would'st thou be prosp'rous, tho the bended
Brow
 Of Fortune threaten thee! I'll tell thee how:
 Call home thy dearest wishes, and recal
 Thy hopes; expect the worst that can befall:
 If come; thy Heart will be the more secure,
 The less amaz'd, and able to endure:
 If it come not: Expectance is no loss;
 Perchance it arms thee for another Cross:
 Thus wisely sheltred under this relief,
 Thy Joy shall be the less; and less thy Grief.

LXXXVI. To Malsido.

Cheat up Malsido, Lay thy thoughts more level;
 Make sure of Grace, and ne'r suspect thy Food:
 He that is Good, can give a thing that's evil
 No more than thou, being evil, canst with good:
 He better knows to give, than thou to beg,
 Thou whin'st for Stones, and grumblest at an Egg:
 O, let this better will suspend thy wish,
 And thou shalt find no Scorpion; if no Fish.

LXXXVII. On Crucio.

Thou still complainst that sorrows do attend thee;
 And that their savours do so much annoy thee:
 Mistake not, they are weapons to defend thee;
 They be not Engins, Crucio, to destroy thee;
 Wilt thou mistake thy Crops of swelling Corn,
 Because th'are trench'd & fenc'd about with Thorns?

LXXXVIII. To Rhemus.

TIS true, we are but *dust*, but *worms*, nay *men*;
 That are more base then either; And what then?
 Shall *worms*, or *dust*, or *men* be well advis'd,
 To go in *person* (where we have despis'd)
 Before a *God*, a glorious *God*; I do,
 Who bids thee *Come*, will bid thee *Welcome* too:
Rhemus, when call'd in *person* you appear
 By *Proxy*, tell me where's your manners, there?
 'Tis better to be *wisely bold*, than make
 Thy self unmannerly, for manners sake:
 Some ill-bred *Clowns* there be, that being loath
 To foul a *Napkin*, draw a filthy *Cloath*.

LXXXIX. To Macio.

DRoop not beneath thy wants, as if forlorn;
 Thou must be made a *Jewell*, to be worn
 In *Abram's Bosom*: *Macio*, he that comes
 To *Abram's Bosom*, finds his way, by *Crums*.

XC. On Reproof.

TIS not enough to strive against the *At*,
 Or not to *do't*; we must reprove the *Fact*
 In others too; The *Sin*, being once made known
 To us, if not reprov'd, becomes *our own*:
 We must *disswade* the *Vicewe scorn to follow*;
 We must *spit out*, as well as never *swallow*.

XCI. On Curio.

TWO Ears to let in *Knowledge*; *Nature* gave;
 To entertain true *Faith*, one *heart* we have;
 Why so? I'll tell thee *Curio*, in brief,
 Our *Knowledge* twice exceeds our *half belief*.

XCII. On Zelustus.

Zelustus thinks, his pains are worth his labour
 If he love God, tho he traduce his Neighbour :
 His hot-mouth'd Zeal false-gallops on so fast
 In the first Table it tyres in the last :
 Art thou a faithful Steward of God's store,
 Zelustus, that spend'st Six, and keepst but Four ?

XCIII. On Philauto.

Philauto's Charity is like a Mouse,
 That keeps at home, and never leaves the House;
 Till it be fir'd : It stirs for no Man's Cause,
 Unless to feed on Crums of vain Applause :
 Take heed, Philauto, lest thou heed too late ;
 The Mouse, in time, will eat up thy Estate.

XCIV. On Dubius.

Dubius, Thy Ears are two, thy Tongue but one;
 Hear God and Priest, Confess to God alone.

XCV. To Sir Julius Celsar, Master of the Rolls.

THE high Perfections, wher'with Heav'n do's please
 To crown our transitory Days, are these ;
 Goods well press'd ft, and not possessing thee :
 A faithful Friend ; equal in love, degree :
 Lands fruitful, and not conscious of a Curse :
 A boastless Hand, a charitable Purse :
 A smiling Conscience, A contented Mind ;
 A sober Knowledge, with true Wisdom join'd :
 A Breast, well temper'd ; Dyet without Art,
 Surfeit, or Want ; A wisely simple Heart.
 Pastimes ingenious, lawful, manly, sparing ;
 A Spirit not contentious rash, but daring :

A Body healthful, sound and fit for Labour;
 A House well order'd, and an equal Neighbour:
 A prudent Wife, and constant to the roof;
 Sober, but yet not sad, and fair enough;
 Sleep seasonable, moderate, and secure;
 Actions Heroick, constant, blameless, pure;
 A life, as long as fair; and when expir'd,
 A glorious Death, unfear'd, as undesir'd.

XCVI. On Lucro.

Lucro, how poor thy Tyrant-wealth has made thee!
 How miserable poor! It has betray'd thee
 To thy own seeming self; And it is grown
 As little thine, or less than thou, thy own:
 Alas, poor Lucro, how thy fruitful pawns
 Abuse thy Stomack, that so often yawns.
 For a good Moriel, whilst thy Saint does come,
 Like a Decoy, t'entice evil Angels home,
 Whose more imperious presence does controul
 And fright the peace of thy perplexed Soul!
 Lucro, be slave no longer to thy self:
 Subdue thy Gold, and make thy self, thy self;
 But if thy Saint be grown too strong for thee,
 I'll tell thee Lucro; Turn thy Saint to me,

XCVII. On Mendax.

Fair-spoken Mendax, on the least Occasion,
 Swears by his Faith, and by his own Salvation;
 Is rash brain Mendax, well advised, then,
 To pawn his Faith in God, for Faith with Men?
 Sure, small's thy Wit or Credit, to be drawn
 For Wares so poor, to leave so great a Pawn.

XCVIII. On Blandus.

WHen e'r I wish my *Blandus* a Good-morrow,
 He is my *Servant* : If I come to borrow,
 Or but salute my *Blandus* passing by,
 I am your *Servant*, *Blandus* dos reply :
 If court my *Blandus*, I must understand,
 He is my *Servant*, and does kiss my hand ;
 Discourse with *Blandus*, ev'ry Clause shall be
 I am your *Servant* : If he drink to me
 My *Servant* does it ; I return his Love,
 My *Servant* pledges : If my Lips do move
 A Suit, he is my *Servant* ; Though I do
 Abuse my *Blandus*, he's my *Servant* too :
 How blest am I, his service should be such
 To me ! He never told his God so much :
 How much, dear *Blandus*, hast thou bound me thine,
 That art his *Servant*, not so much as mine !

XCIX. On Rebellio.

THe stout *Rebellio*, scourged by his God,
 Slights his Correction, and ne'r owns the Rod,
 Take heed, *Rebellio* ; Be not stout too long ;
 Neglected *Stripes*, do oft return more strong ;
 A stubborn *Silence* more ill nature shows,
 Then *Sobbs* of Stomach, and deserves more Blows.

C. On God and Gold.

MY God and Gold cannot possess one Heart :
 My God and I ; or Gold and I must part.

CI. To James Archbishop of Armagh.

Renowned *Prelate*, I nor know nor care
 What secret virtue's in Saint *Patrick's Chair* ;

If any; I dare boldly say, 'tis more
 Since thou sat'st there, then ere it was before:
 Go on, great *Patriarch*; If thy higher Story
 (As sure it will) shall drown *St. Patricks Glory*:
Ierna will, (as now *Ierna* vaunts)
 Be known, as well as call'd, *The Isle of Saints*.

CII. On a waking Conscience.

There is a kind of Conscience some Men keep;
 Is like a Member that's benumb'd with sleep;
 Which as it gathers Blood, and wakes agen,
 It shoots, and pricks, and feels as big as Ten.

CIII. On our Affections.

How preposterous our Affections burn!
 We serve the World; love God to serve our turn.

CIV. On Zeluſtus.

Zeluſtus wears his Cloths, as he were clod
 To frighten Crows, and not to serve his God;
 As if the Symptoms of *Regeneration*
 Were nothing but a Christian out of Fashion.

CV. On Rebellion.

What? ever whining? Evermore alike?
 Both when *Heav'n* strikes and when he leaves
 (to strike,
 Not stroke thy Stomach down, when as thy God
 Is friends with thee, and thrown aside the Rod?
 Take heed, *Reb'ellio*, Heaven do not reply
 Upon thy Sobbs, and he that made thee Cry
 For thy own Good; reward not thy repining
 With a new Rod, and scourge the worse for whining.

CVI. On

CVI. On Zelustus.

NOt thy Geneva Ruff, nor steeple Hat
 With flagging Eaves, or Cypress out of Date;
 Thy nock-shorn Cloak, with a round narrow Cape;
 Thy Russet-Hose, cross-garter'd with a Tape;
 Thy Antick Habie, of the old Translation,
 Made for the purpose in despite of Fashion;
 Tis none of these Zelustus that can bring
 Thy zeal in credit; none of these can wring
 The least applause from heav'n: Heav'n never meant
 A Christians Conscience should be bound or bent
 To shape Zelustus, we can scarce divide
 An Affectation from a secret Pride.

CVII. On Conscio.

ARt thou revild and slander'd? and yet whine?
 I fear th' art guilty: Is that heart of thine
 So faint (if guiltless) that it cannot stoop
 Beneath so poor a Burthen, and not droop?
 He that has fire at Home, may well restrain
 To blow his Fingers, Conscio, or complain
 The weather's cold abroad: Make sure within,
 And let them censure, let them snarl, agin:
 Thou may'st appear, but not be this the worse;
 If Conscience bless thee; Do, let Shimei curse.

CVIII. To God.

THy sacred Will be done, great God,
 To spend, or to suspend, thy Rod:
 If possible, my will's to miss it;
 If otherwise, to stoop and kiss it.

CIX. On Devotion.

WE must not only be to God, but *show*
To Man; *Pauls Cloak* must be remembered too.

CX. On the Christian.

IS not enough that the *King's Daughter* should
Be fair within, she must be clad in Gold;
The curious *Needle* cloath: her winter Skin;
She's rich *without*, and glorious all *within*:
The true born *Christian* must as well be clad
With *lives* to Men, as lin'd with *Hearts* to God.

CXI. On Mercy and Justice.

GOD's Mercy and his Justice is the same;
'Tis but the *Object* that divides the Name.

CXII. On Aulicus.

BEfore that *Aulicus* was made a Lord,
He was my Friend; we might exchange a word
As well as Hearts: He could be never weary
Of my Society, was jocund, merry,
Ingenious, and as jealous to offend;
He was enjoy'd, he could enjoy his Friend:
But now he swells, looks big, his favours change,
As well as Fortunes: Now his Eyes are strange:
His Thoughts are *Councils*, curious webs of State;
And all his Actions must be wonder'd at;
His Speeches must be *Laws*, and every word
An Oracle, to be admir'd, ador'd,
Friendship must now be *service*; A new mold
Must have new Matter, melted from the old:
O *Aulicus*, 'twere well if thou couldst do
The very same in *spiritual honour* too.

CXIII. On

CXIII. To Rhemus.

Faith must be joyn'd to *Works*, Rhemus, I wonder
What God has joyn'd, thou dar'st presume to sunder!

CXIV. On Tortus.

Tis not the bearing of the *Cross*, or *Cup*
 Of thy Affliction; Thou must take them up;
 Nor is't the taking up alone, will do,
Tortus, thou must take up, and follow too.

CXV. On Gracchus.

Gracchus so often did repeat a *Lye*,
 Past on with Credit, from his very Youth;
 That now his Conscience has forborn to cry
 Against it, and perswades him it's *Truth*;
 'Tis well for Gracchus; He has gain'd thereby;
 He now may tell the same, and never lye.

CXVI. On Phares.

Thou say'st it is a *Supper*, and its fit
 To use the *Posture* of a *Meal*, to sit:
 Can thy Discretion, Phares, or thy Zeal
 Give carnal Gestures to a spiritual Meal?
 A heav'nly Supper and a fleshly Heart?
 Thy *Posture* has discover'd what thou art.

CXVII. On

CXVII. *On the same.*

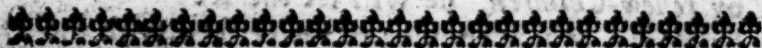
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YOU'll take it *sitting*: Pray, & know Man know
 You'll do, and yet you will not seem to do it!
 You'll bow your *Hearts*, although you bend no *Knee*:
 'Tis like your *Self*; you seem not what you be.

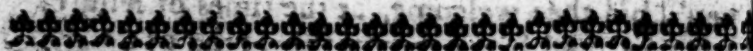
CXVIII. *To my Book.*

SO now, 'tis time to wean thee from my Breast;
 Thy *Teeth* grow sharp, my *Babe*, it will be best
 For both: thy hasty *Nurse* is come to take thee
 From my fond *Arms*: ne'r *whimper*, he will make thee
 A dainty golden *Coat*: Let it suffice thee,
 Thou art mine still, howe'er: thy *Nurse*, will prize thee
 For his own sake and thine; when thou art strong,
 And sure of *Foot*, he'll let thee sport among
 Thy fellow-*Children*, he will let the see
 The *World*, which thou hastd never seen with me:
 Thou may'st do well, if *Fortune* strike thee luck,
 And fair *Opinion*: Thou didst never suck
 But one *Good Friday*; and thou may'st improve
 As well in *Merit*, as in popular *Love*:
 Thou hast six *Brethren* (born as well as thee
 Of a free *Muse*) legitimate and free;
 Pages to *Cæsars*, and in *Cæsars* Court,
 Besides an *Ishmael*, that attends the Port
 Of a great *Lord*, and Honourable *Peer*
 Of this blest *Realm*; if e'er thou wander there,
 They'll bid thee welcome, at the times of leisure,
 Perchance, and bring thee to the *Hand of Cæsars*:
 Thou art but young and tender, (for who knows
 The *paths of Fate*?) perhaps, and one of those
 Whom

Whom *Clotho* favours not, perchance thy *Twine*
 May be produc'd (for thou art half *Divine*)
 To after Ages, to the utmost Date
 Of Time who knows? But we subscribe to Fate;
 Perchance, thy Fortune's to be Bought and Sold,
 Was not young *Ioseph* serv'd the like of old?
 Thy bondage may, like his, be made, perchance,
 A step to Honour, and a means t' advance
 Thy higher Fortunes, and prepare thy Hand,
 To ease a *Deatrh*, if *Deatrh* should strike the Land;
 But I transgress, my *Babe*: 'Tis time to part;
 The *Laws* of Nature break the *Rules* of Art;
 Once more farwel: Let *Heav'n's* high blessings shine
 On my poor *Babe*, as my poor *Babe* has mine.



The End of the Fourth and Last Book.



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